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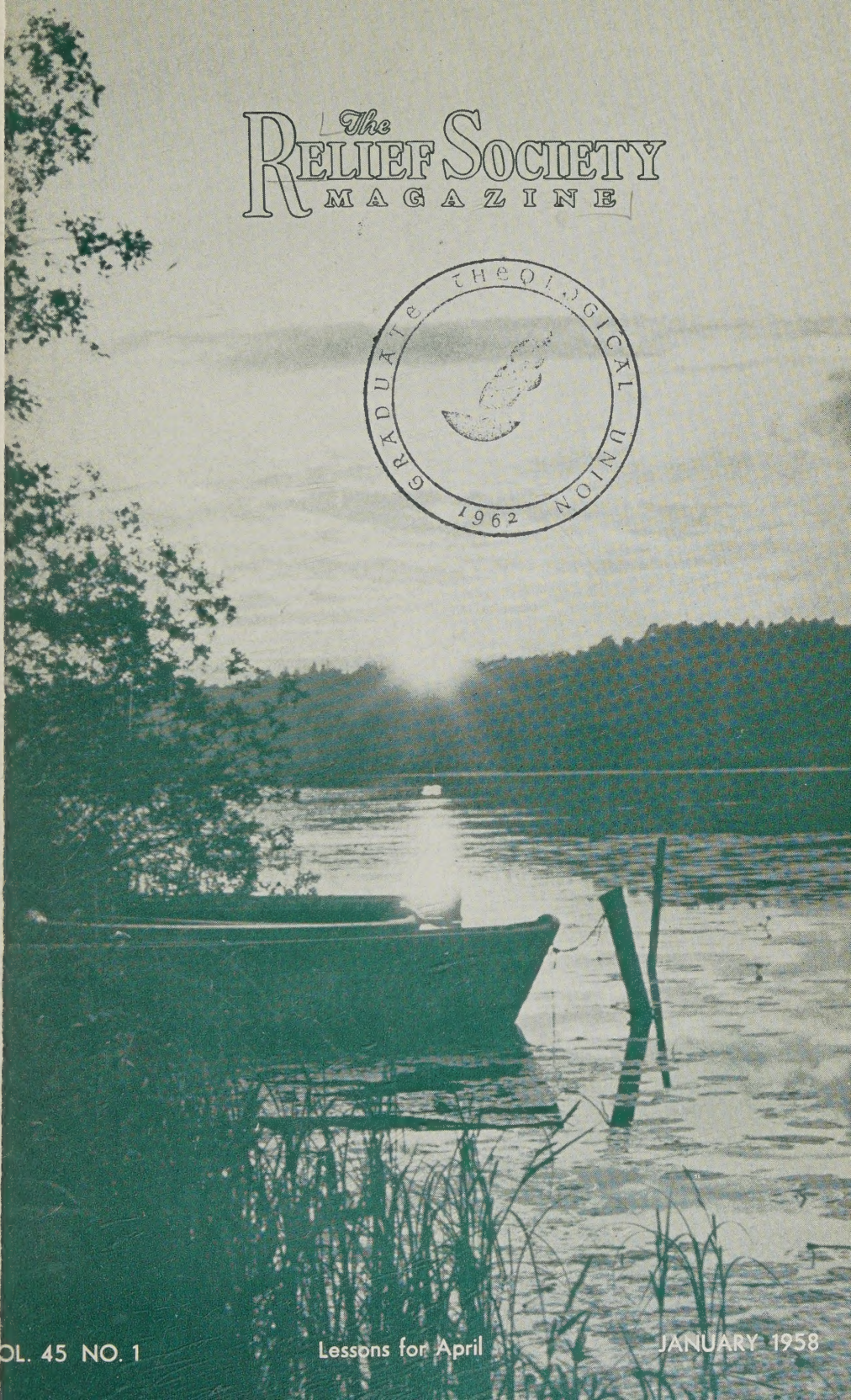
The Relief Society Magazine

Graduate Theological Union 1962



VOL. 45 NO. 1

Lessons for April

JANUARY 1958

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A New Year's Greeting

AT the beginning of another year, the General Board of Relief Society send love and greetings to their beloved sisters the world over. Although we are not able to be with you in person, our thoughts, best wishes, and prayers are with you.

As we pause to reflect upon the events of the past year, our hearts swell with gratitude and appreciation to our Maker for the gospel, for life, for family, for friends, and for the opportunity of actively participating in the great work of the Relief Society organization.

Activity in Relief Society brings joy and satisfaction which can be gained in no other way. It is the hope that many blessings and opportunities may come to those who continue in this gratifying work.

Nothing can now be added to the old year, but what of the New Year? How satisfying it is to have a new beginning—a new year—another day in which to start afresh. At this new beginning may we be determined to serve more fully, love more generously, and live more righteously—to merit the blessings of this life which are subordinate to those blessings of exaltation of the life to come. May we give to Relief Society our loyalty and a full measure of devotion in order that the Relief Society organization, as well as its individual members, may be the beneficiaries of the blessings of our Heavenly Father.

May the year 1958 bring great joy and happiness into the lives of Relief Society members, and may their abiding testimonies of the divinity of Jesus Christ grow and become strengthened as they work unceasingly for the upbuilding of his kingdom here upon the earth—a living, driving conviction that Jesus is the Redeemer of the world, and that he gave his life for the salvation of mankind that we may have eternal life. This is our most priceless possession. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Helen W. Anderson

The Cover: Summer Sunset, Nagelungen Lake, Near Stockholm, Sweden
Photograph by Eben J. Blomquist, Jr.
Submitted by Ethel E. Blomquist
Frontispiece: Winter in the Wasatch Mountains, Utah
Photograph by Hal Rumel
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

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From Near and Far

The beautiful "Thanksgiving Song" by Margery S. Stewart in the November issue of the *Magazine* stirred my very soul. It is like a beautiful, unselfish prayer. We too seldom think to give thanks for our doctors, nurses, teachers, and others who give so much service to the world. I should also like to comment on the article "Mother Had Seven Girls" in the June 1957 issue of the *Magazine*. My mother also had seven girls, and we had practically the same experiences as those related by Sister Jennie B. Rawlins. Six of us still remain, and our lives and homes have been made richer and fuller by having such wonderful material and religious training in our pioneer home.

—Mrs. Aletha Lowe Hardy
Franklin, Idaho

They say that everything comes to those who wait, and sometimes you can get it a little quicker if you go after it. Well, for years I've been after the things required for netting, and I didn't even get to first base. Now, I open my *Magazine* and find just what I want ("Netting Today," by Olive W. Burt, November 1957, page 750). I am very happy that the equipment and instructions are available.

—Lenora McAdam
Vancouver, B. C.
Canada

A few years ago I was on my mission in the Central Atlantic States. The Relief Society of the ward sent me a subscription, as they do all missionaries from this area. Then and there I became fully aware that the Lord was inspiring somebody to fill the pages of that *Magazine* with the best literature available. I studied the theology section each month and used the lessons with our investigators with the best of success. I can truthfully say that the *Magazine* was one of the most valuable sources of information I had to use on my mission. . . . Now I am married and have a family. I remember the *Magazine* in the home of my grandmother, my mother, and other relatives. Now it is in our home. We would feel lost without it.

—Dr. Robert G. Talley
La Crescenta, California

For the past few months I have been receiving copies of *The Relief Society Magazine*, but I have not any idea at all who is sending them, but I have spent many evenings reading the interesting articles. I am a member of the South London Branch, and although I am not a member of Relief Society, I am very interested in the work and enjoy learning about the activities. The article I enjoyed most in the September issue was "A Temple Rises in New Zealand," by Wealtha S. Mendenhall. I am very interested in geography, so any article about a foreign country has me enthralled! A temple is also rising in England, here at Newchapel, and it will be really wonderful for us all when it is finished. After reading about Relief Society work, I have reassured myself that I will become a member when I am older, as I am only fifteen years old, and all my time is filled up with school work at the moment.

—Margaret Scrivener
Putney, London
England

Each month in the Central American Mission, twenty-one Relief Society organizations, with a membership of 300, receive the *Magazine*. The sisters are grateful to the general board of Relief Society and others for the gift subscriptions. Their native language is Spanish. Only a few read English. However, from the pictures, frontispieces, covers, Notes From the Field, hobbies, etc., they get an insight into Relief Society activities. They see other Singing Mothers wearing the uniform dark skirt and white blouse; other sisters making quilts, doilies, and rugs. The picture of my mother, Mrs. Ella J. Cotter, in the August issue, with her lovely quilts, pleased them, of course. They noted the fluffiness of the quilts and the radiance of her smile, telling them that life is full at eighty-five years, if we employ our minds and hands to create. The *Magazine* truly makes for world sisterhood in our Church.

—Gladys K. Wagner
President
Central American Mission
Relief Society

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Women, Wonderful Women!

Elder Spencer W. Kimball

Of the Council of the Twelve

SINCE the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ in the last century and the light of truth has pervaded the earth, particularly the country in which the Restoration took place, there has been fabulous progress in material things. We have come from the horse plow to the great tractor driven batteries of plows. From the tallow candle to the electric light; from the sickle and cradle to the harvesting machines; from the ox team to the car, the bus, the train, and the plane; from the almost primitive sail ships to the ponderous ocean liners; from the pony express to air mail, telephone, telegraph, cable, and radio the world around.

Great strides in facilities have come to women, bringing ease, time, comforts, and conveniences. From the four-wall house has come the many-room mansion enjoyed by the majority of people; from the metal wash tub to the porcelain and tile tub and shower baths, often two or more to the home; from the iron stove for wood or coal to the gas and electric ranges, and the central heating controlled from a single switch; from the broom to the vacuum; from the pantry to the refrigerator, deep freeze, and the storage room; from the washtub to the power machine cleaner, and from the sadiron to the laundry, or to the dryers, mangles, and other efficient ironers; from the garden and farm to the neighborhood shopping center where everything from a needle to a threshing machine can be had in proper packages in limitless variety.

The modern housewife has the dishwasher, the disposal, the telephone, delivery service, garbage collection, sprinkling systems. She usually has a car of her own or a car available to her, and a radio in her kitchen while she does her reduced duties, and a television set in her living room to watch as she has leisure. Today's women, especially in the United States and some other countries, have ease, comfort, leisure, conveniences, and time, such as no other women in history have had.

What has she done with her newfound liberties and freedoms and opportunities and time? Has she perfected her own life? Is she more dutiful and faithful to her reduced home duties than was her great-grandmother with her multiplicity of arduous ones? Is today's woman a better wife to her husband? Is the modern electrically driven home of today a happier haven of refuge than the four walls of the last centuries? Is she today a better, more congenial neighbor than yesterday's woman? Does she have more children now that she has more time, better facilities, and more help? Does she train her children better than her ancestors did? Does she herself have more faith and piety than the women of old? And does she better

instill into her children the faith which will make gods of them?

I am thinking of the blessed mothers who accepted the gospel under the voice and pleadings of those great missionaries, the sons of Mosiah two millenia ago. These women loved their children next to the Lord; they would sacrifice everything for the kingdom and for their offspring; they were women who remained home and taught their children righteousness and were willing to forego the society affairs and the spectacular events; women who gave themselves to their homes and families. In spite of the crudeness of their facilities, the household drudgery and farm service, they bore and reared their families in a manner which is seldom found today.

Is it possible in all the history of the world down to this current year, that there ever was a group of wives and mothers so diligent in their training, so powerful in example, so efficient in instilling into their sons an unswerving faith in God? There could never be such a spontaneous universal development without organization and a spearheading movement. The Church of God through its Priesthood and Auxiliaries gave that leadership. These sisters must have been organized to teach each other and to build faith and to study the gospel and to build an individual testimony toward a plateau of mass faith which would be so necessary. Certain it is that they acted in unison. They with their husbands buried their weapons of war; they took the same oaths; they taught their sons the same doctrines. They repented of their evils, and their war killings and vowed they would never again take the life of even an enemy and even in war. Their determination was fixed. When enemies came upon them they would "suffer death in the most aggravating and distressing manner . . . before they would take the sword or cimeter to smite them" (Alma 27:29). They prostrated themselves before their enemies, praising God the while. "And there was not a wicked man slain among them" (Alma 24:27). These were the kind of people who produced the kind of sons who had such unwavering faith that the enemies' darts were powerless to kill them.

And now, years later, two thousand of their sons enlist to fight the battles of their oath-bound parents. These young men fought in many battles, hard-fought battles, bloody, disastrous battles, and not one son lost his life! Has anything so miraculous ever happened before or since? All around them were their allies falling, dying by the sword and other weapons; all around them swords were slashing, spears were flying, yet not one of them to die. "As many as were able to take up arms" came into this special little army. Not just the few screened, top-flight, spiritually faithful came. It was all the young men physically fit and of sufficient age and co-ordinated strength. "And they were all young men" (Alma 53:20). These were of the age when usually there is a beginning of skepticism, the natural physical urges and demands which often pull young men away from spiritual hitching posts, but "they were exceedingly valiant for courage, and also for strength and activity; but behold this was not all —they were *men* who were true at

all times in whatsoever thing they were entrusted. Yea, they were *men* of truth and soberness, for they had been taught to keep the commandments of God and to walk uprightly before him" (Alma 53:20-21). (Italics the author's.)

HERE were two thousand stripling soldiers whom the great commander Helaman called his "two thousand sons, (for they are worthy to be called sons . . .)." The general tells how happy the beleaguered and worn-down regular army was when they saw coming to them as reinforcements "those sons of mine." Hope and joy were stimulated in the army which had been near despair. Apparently, the honor and integrity and valor of the 2,000 youngsters had already gone before them. The very strength of this new addition to the army frightened out the Lamanite enemy so that there was no battle for some time, allowing space to concentrate gains and to further fortify.

Now came reinforcements in men and also in food and provisions to sustain the Nephite army, this food being provided by the Ammonites, the parents of these unusual boys. "An army fights on its stomach," someone has said, and the food from Ammonite converts was in the nick of time. The small army of "my little sons" now was used in stratagem—a most hazardous adventure, wherein the powerful army of the Lamanites was induced to follow a retreating small army of boys. These youth could have all been massacred. After more than two days retreat, with the great enemy on their heels, Helaman had asked them if they should turn and meet the Lamanite army of vastly superior numbers. Helaman said:

> Never had I seen so great courage, nay, not amongst all the Nephites. For as I had ever called them my sons (for they were all of them very young) even so they said unto me: Father, behold our God is with us, and he will not suffer that we should fall; then let us go forth; we would not slay our brethren if they would let us alone; therefore let us go, lest they should overpower the army of Antipus. Now, they never had fought, yet they did not fear death . . . and . . . they HAD BEEN TAUGHT BY THEIR MOTHERS, THAT IF THEY DID NOT DOUBT, GOD WOULD DELIVER THEM. And they rehearsed unto me the words of their mothers, saying: WE DO NOT DOUBT OUR MOTHERS KNEW IT (Alma 56:46-48). (Capitalization the author's.)

The Nephite army of Antipus, deprived of their commander, and other leaders who had fallen, was about to give way when the inspired youth turned on their pursuers and closed them in a natural vise. The battle, which was almost surely conceded for the huge Lamanite army, now became a Nephite victory.

Fond and proud Helaman now took inventory. His little sons had been in the fierce heat of the battle where blood flowed freely and death stalked the battlefield. The faith of their great leader hardly measured up to that of the boys for he *feared*, "lest there were many of them slain," but to his great joy "NOT ONE SOUL OF THEM HAD FALLEN TO THE EARTH; YEA, AND THEY HAD FOUGHT AS IF WITH THE STRENGTH OF GOD; yea, never were men known to have fought with such miraculous strength; and with such mighty power . . ." (Alma 56:56). (Capitalization the author's.) "My stripling Ammonites," the great leader re-

peated over and over as he delighted in their safety, the results of their goodness and their faith.

AND now sixty more of the young men joined the stripling sons and Commander Helaman continued his praise. As the rest of the army was about to give way before the enemy, the "SONS" were firm and undaunted.

> . . . they did obey and observe to perform every word of command with exactness; yea, and even according to their faith it was done unto them; and I did remember the words they said unto me THAT THEIR MOTHERS HAD TAUGHT THEM (Alma 57:21). (Capitalization the author's.)
>
> . . . they are young, and their minds are firm, and they do put their trust in God continually (*Ibid.*, 27).

Why did these stripling Ammonite boys act as one with such unparalleled faith? Why could these youngsters face a great, trained, well-equipped army of enemy troops? Why did these 2,060 lads march without fear or worry? (Sixty more had joined them.) "We do not doubt our mothers knew it," they said, and they knew that God would deliver them if they were faithful and they knew they had been obedient. One thousand of their allies lay dead on the battlefield, 2,060 of the army boys had received wounds, 200 of them had been hurt enough that they fainted for loss of blood, but, true to the promise of their mothers, not one had died in the skirmishes.

Do 2,060 lads automatically develop this superior faith? Has there ever been in all history a total large group of young men so spiritual? Surely, in every age there have been individual young men who stood above the crowd, who acted like men, who would give their all for a cause, but was there ever a total group of all who were able to take up arms, who were so trusting in God? In our two great world wars we had numerous individual young men who were clean, diligent, pious, and consecrated, but we also had those who did not uphold the standards of the gospel. Today, in the military and in our colleges and in industry and business, we have noble individual youth certainly equal to the sons of Helaman, but in few, if any, communities do we find "all who are able to bear arms" in that category.

Do sons grow strong spontaneously? Do youth become spiritual and remain clean and virtuous without training? Could it be that there are many careless, unclean, irreligious youth today because mothers fail to train? The stripling sons of the former dark-skinned Lamanites were superior because ". . . they had been taught by their mothers, that if they did not doubt, God would deliver them" (Alma 56:47). This teaching is not a single sermon but a lifetime of example and precept. Here were mothers who loved their sons more than themselves, more than clothes, or entertainment, or social life, or business life, or luxuries. Here were women who gave themselves to their families—time, energy, effort, mind, and soul. Then came the dividends: a whole community of righteous, noble sons to sire generations of people so full of goodness and faith that it was to carry over through centuries. It is highly possible that some of the Nephite disciples may have been

the sons or grandsons of these perfectly trained youth. Quite likely that their descendants were among the faithful who crowded around the temple and heard the voice of Elohim and saw the Christ and felt the wounds in the body of the Atoning Sacrifice.

AND the thought continues to ring over and over: What would be the condition in our communities of youths if the modern mothers, with their freedom from household drudgery, wealth of facilities, increased time, and greater training, were to concentrate upon the training of their children; if they were to come home from the factory and the office and the schoolroom in those years when children are in the home; if they were to reduce their social obligations, their entertainment, and selfish diversions; if they were to dedicate the major part of their time and energies and powers to the creation of a small heaven in their home, total co-operation with their husbands, and a limitless devotion, teaching, training, leading, developing their children; investing their lives in their families, using the Church, the gospel to the fullest extent in that training?

It is hardly likely either that the community of mothers of 2,060 sons would act spontaneously to accomplish such a feat. There must have been Priesthood and Auxiliaries. There must have been preaching and exhorting meetings. There must have been classwork with lessons given, and activities where truths were taught and standards set up. No mothers can hope to do for their children alone what they can do for them with the vehicles which the Church gives to them.

If women are less successful in their prime and most important calling than their sisters of two thousand years ago, is it not a difference only in devotion, consecration, determination, sacrifice, unselfishness, understanding, and patience?

God bless the women, the wonderful women of every time and age and place, who establish first in their lives their Lord, his work, and their families.

Perfect Prelude

Mabel Law Atkinson

I never knew the mellowed years could hold
A sweeter rapture than the hours of youth;
That every shadow would be fringed with gold,
And meditative leisure crowned with truth.
I always knew that ripened fruit must fall
And amber grain be gathered in the sheaf,
But never dreamed the harvest best of all;
That gentle, quiet days could be too brief.
For beauty lingers on the twilight trail;
Companions journey, hand in hand, their eyes
Seeing the light ahead that does not fail,
Illume the opening gates to paradise.
I never knew the mellowed years could be
The perfect prelude to eternity.

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three winners in the 1957 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the May 1957 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and closed August 15, 1957.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Helen Candland Stark, Wilmington, Delaware, for her poem "Pray Without Ceasing." The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Lael W. Hill, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Song of the Weathervanes." The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Alice Morrey Bailey, Salt Lake City, for her poem "The Lumined Rod."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1924 in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

Mrs. Stark appears for the second time as an award winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest; Mrs. Hill is a first-time winner; and 1957 marks the fourth time that Mrs. Bailey has placed in the contest.

There were 140 poems submitted in this year's contest. Entries were received from twenty states, with the largest number coming, in order, from Utah, California, Oregon, and Idaho. Entries were received also from Canada, Hawaii, Africa, England, and Australia.

The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest. The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Biographical sketches of Helen Candland Stark, Lael Woolsey Hill, and Alice Morrey Bailey appear on page 37.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

HELEN CANDLAND STARK

First Prize Poem

Pray Without Ceasing

Helen Candland Stark

I

How shall I make myself one with this time?
Let go, let go, even your scarlet treasure,
Maple despoiled. Knee deep in gold, I measure
Leaves' profusion—know they melt to lymn
With amber dust the fern's first leaf in spring.
In the cone's cup the blood-root makes its bed.
The bare fingers of birch so whitely dead,
Point to the pulse of each transmuted thing.

Now I am drunk with color, now at last
Submerged in peace. I turn for one more look
To hope the floating oak leaf on the brook
Returns, swirls into consciousness, to cast
In some dark hour its secret on my shore.
Oh, baby hemlock trees, be spirit's store.

II

What can I give you but a well of grief
From which my body dips this cup of tears.
Let winter pluck the autumn-shadowed leaf:
Here was a fruit tree in the bloom of years;
Here was a tree for nourishing the young;
Here was a tree that cast a grateful shade;
Here was my own, my precious tree among
All other trees. What reason can be made?

So do I pour my tears on barren earth.
The roots are severed and the branches fade.
I pour my tears? Oh, what is my grief worth?
It cannot make what has been now unmade.
But if I give my love, can your soul know
And answer somehow, "Yes, I live. I grow"?

III

Use me, O Lord, for I am yours to use:
I am your grass, your cloud, your wandering wind.
Blot out the sin, unyieldingly I sinned,
When, as the grass I would be wet with dews;
When, as the cloud, I would sail white and free;
When, as the wind, I would not brook your hand
Lest fettered, I should find an iron band
Locked to your purposeful eternity.

Where is the cloud after the rain has dropped?
Where is the grass after the scythe has cut?
Safe in the hand the winnowing wind will shut
The wheat, and then its threshing voice be stopped.
Use me at last. The field belongs to you.
Here are my hands. Lord, yours are riven through.

LAEL W. HILL

Second Prize Poem

Song of the Weathervanes

Lael W. Hill

The Old World steeples point their vanes
High above hamlet, field, and town—
Does the wind blow fair . . . does the wind blow rains?
And the iron cocks look down.

The winds blow east, or the winds blow west,
The plows begin and the seed is flung,
And the storks find each old chimney-nest . . . .
The cocks turn; time is young.

The elms are green and the wild rose blooms
And a woodthrush melts the morning air;
The good wives shake out all their rooms. . . .
The cocks turn; summer's there.

Beyond the towns, fields ripple gold,
The sickles glint and the windmills clack,
Men finger grain and measure bold. . . .
The cocks turn forth and back.

The Old World winds blow north, blow south,
Storehouses fill and the leaves let go;
The young in love put mouth to mouth. . . .
The cocks wear combs of snow.

The roofs are tile or the roofs are slate
And the walls are friendly-built and warm;
The iron cocks turn soon and late—
Does the wind blow fair or storm?

The Old World steeples rise through years
Where hamlet, field, and town are kinned. . . .
And blows now laughter, hope, or tears,
The cocks turn with the wind.

ALICE MORREY BAILEY

Third Prize Poem

The Lumined Rod

Alice Morrey Bailey

Too long we likened faith to candle strength,
Whose fickle flame will not outlast a breath,
A flick of light to end the stern day's length,
A guttering taper at the gates of death.

Faith is the blaze within a Van Gogh's breast,
The flash of vision planted with each seed,
The fire beneath a fervent prayer's request,
Which moves the force of heaven with its need.

And faith, with work, can be a furnace blast,
A welder's torch where works of man arise,
The fiery pen dipped in the molten cast,
Which writes his burning message on the skies.

And faith, with love, can be the lumined rod
To lead men to the shining face of God.

Award Winners
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, which was announced in the May 1957 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed August 15, 1957.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Deone R. Sutherland, Oakland, California, for her story "The Day We All Went to Rainbow Springs." The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Mabel Law Atkinson, Dayton, Idaho, for her story "Fifty Singing Aprils." The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Edna H. Day, Idaho Falls, Idaho, for her story "The Wee Pine Knot."

All of these women are first-time winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest. Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Atkinson have been represented in *The Relief Society Magazine* by numerous contributions, and Mrs. Day is the author of the article "A Nursery Will Be Maintained," which appeared in the June 1957 issue of the *Magazine*.

The Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest was first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, and was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication in a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1958. Forty-eight stories were entered in the contest for 1957.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except on written permission from the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the stories submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate.

A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

A biographical sketch of Deone R. Sutherland appears on page 37.

First Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Day We All Went to Rainbow Springs

Deone R. Sutherland

MY brothers Winslow and Charles sat out in back of the carriage house making small explosions by mixing sodium bicarbonate with acetic acid. Papa said it wouldn't be long before they would be bright enough to blow us all off the face of the earth. Mrs. Cherry who was new (Mama was always getting new hired girls to help, because the old ones would get married or quit because of all the work six boys and one girl made) said she thought Winslow and Charles would end up just one big grease spot.

It was a very dull, hot summer day for me. I sat and watched the ants crawl up and down in their holes. I almost wished Papa would come home and assign me a job. Usually Arthur or Teddy was around to play with, but they had been put to bed right after they had fallen off the barn. Russell had gone with Papa to buy a new pane of glass to replace the one in the top of the front door. Papa was teaching Russell to be responsible, and since he had thrown the discus higher than good judgment would indicate (it had come straight through the window in the door, making Mrs. Cherry call out, "It's the last days for sure!"), Papa was spending Russell's money for the glass and allowing

DEONE R. SUTHERLAND

him to do all the work replacing it. Papa just went along to be sure the job was done right. That left only Lenora, and since she was the oldest, she never played with us anymore, especially since Edgar Jackson kept coming evenings and Sunday afternoons to our house more and more.

All of us boys really liked Edgar Jackson, only we couldn't see why he wanted to come see Lenora. We thought he had better sense than the other fellows, but he was as silly over her as any of them, we had to

admit. We thought Edgar was special, because he and his father had been the first ones in town to buy an automobile. There are others now, but none had as many extra things as the Jacksons had bought for their Oldsmobile. Edgar had bought fenders, a front bumper, and a top and a windshield and installed them all himself. Naturally, we thought he was pretty smart, especially Winslow and Charles who were older and knew about such things. Papa said the automobile would never prove practical. Besides, the way it scared the livestock and the women and children, it was probably just another vulgar machination of the devil.

"Alexander, the chickens are in your Mama's garden!"

I almost fell off the porch when Mrs. Cherry yelled like that so close behind me. I trotted over to the garden, and sure enough, there were Papa's prize Black Minorca roosters that Papa had bought for breeding purposes. He had only been able to afford a pair, and I could imagine his remarks if he had heard Mrs. Cherry's disrespectful way of referring to them as "chickens."

It took me quite awhile to get them out of the garden so as not to ruffle their feathers too much. They were most aggravating about Mama's garden. Mrs. Cherry had shouted steadily at them since she had started working for us, and Mama came out and shooed ineffectually with her apron, but the roosters had minds of their own. The two hens were better behaved. I finally got the better of the roosters and shooed them far down behind the house away from the garden and back into their pen.

Papa said we would have to raise the wire on the run, though the little damage they did was well worth it in the long run, if Papa was able to raise some fine purebred chickens. I thought of telling Mrs. Cherry how special the two roosters were, but decided against it. It took a lot of courage to broach Mrs. Cherry about the most general subject, let alone the roosters.

WHEN I sneaked up the back stairs to see for myself how Arthur and Teddy were, I heard Mama and Lenora talking in Lenora's room. Since the door was wide open, I couldn't get by without them seeing me. I sat on the top step to wait. Right away I knew something was up, because they were talking a lot different than they usually did when they turned a feather tick.

"But for Papa to tell Edgar and his father, right out and tell them that he wouldn't be caught dead riding to Rainbow Springs in an automobile. . . ." Lenora's voice wailed into silence.

Mama's voice was breathy from turning the tick. I'd have gone in to help, but I knew they'd stop talking if I did. "There wouldn't have been room for all of us anyway, Lenora. . . ."

"That's just it. Papa knew Edgar's Uncle Willy was going to take some of us in his Studebaker. Papa doesn't realize how important it is to please the Jacksons when they've asked us especially to be their guests on account of me." Lenora sounded as if she'd buried her face under the feather tick, but that didn't seem likely. I felt uncomfortable.

"Now, now, Lenora, we'll all have

just a lovely time. We'll go on the train, like Papa told Mr. and Mrs. Jockson we would, and we'll meet them at Rainbow Springs and have a perfectly lovely day together."

"Maybe Arthur and Teddy will still be too shaken up to go Saturday," Lenora said hopefully.

"Oh, they're not hurt one bit," Mama said reassuringly. "Papa thought keeping them in bed would serve as a punishment, too."

If they were being punished, I'd never get to see them, at least not until tonight. I crept back downstairs, watching out for Mrs. Cherry. I had some news maybe I could sell to Winslow and Charlie. It sounded as if we were all going to get to go. News like that ought to be worth at least an envelope of copper sulphate.

I went around the corner of the shed just as Mrs. Cherry came around the other side. "Take one of my best pots, will you, for your vile smelling brews!" She topped the pot upside down on the ground.

I was halfway up the hill when Winslow and Charlie passed me. We lay in the hollow most of the afternoon studying cloud pictures and discussing the end Mrs. Cherry most likely would meet. Later we walked down to the canal and then home.

Nobody was ever late, with Papa sitting down to eat right on the dot. Winslow and Charlie cheered up a lot when I told them about the Jacksons and Lenora and Rainbow Springs.

LONG before Saturday, Mama began instructing us on how well we were all to behave on the outing. Lenora kept looking for signs of measles or chicken pox or something to keep us boys home, but nobody had caught anything, when Saturday, with more blue sky and sunshine than it knew what to do with, finally came. The only thing that spoiled everything was the way we had to dress up, just because we were guests of the old Jacksons. Papa walked up and down inspecting us, and he kept saying, "I wouldn't have known they were mine. Aren't they a handsome lot when they're shined and dressed up?"

Mama laughed the way she always does when she thinks Papa is teasing, but Lenora was jittery as a hot teakettle. She had a new dress with a hobble skirt.

"There isn't a yard around the bottom of that skirt," Mrs. Cherry said indignantly. "If you walk fast, you'll fall down and break your neck."

"A lady doesn't walk fast," Lenora answered loftify. It was a pretty blue color like Lenora's eyes, but I liked Mama's fuller skirt at the bottom a little better. Mama and Lenora both wore their hair in high puffy "pompadours," they called them, and it took some balancing to get their great big feathered and flowered hats on top of all that hair. But in no time they were pinned down and ready to go.

Mama stopped and looked at Lenora. "I believe that boned collar is going to make red marks," but Lenora said she could stand it all right.

It was something to see the little tiny steps she had to take to get anywhere at all. We rode in the carriage with the youngest ones in

the middle for safety's sake, as Papa said.

We left the carriage a short distance from where we caught the train. Papa decided we were early for once, and it wouldn't hurt to walk around the block to the station.

"Come on, now, keep up, don't dawdle."

But the excitement of many things to look at was too much for Arthur. He slipped and fell, sprawling in the muddy gutter at the edge of the walk. Papa fished him out, but even we boys felt Arthur had gone too far. We could never take him on a train in the condition he was in.

Papa prided himself on his great self-control, even though it often made his face go almost purple. Mama rubbed at Arthur's face and hands with her handkerchief, more to comfort him than to actually repair the damage.

Lenora was the one we all stared at. Her eyes filled with tears, and her shoulders began to shake. Papa looked very worried when he saw Lenora.

"There, there." He patted her on the shoulder. "We'll fix this up in a jiffy," indicating Arthur, held gingerly at arm's length, "and we can still catch that train."

Waddops Mercantile sprang to attention for Papa when he explained our haste, though there were still many curious stares for all of us to ignore. Arthur's shoes were wiped off and saved, but most of his other clothes were wrapped up in a big brown bundle, and Arthur appeared shining and spic and span in all the new clothes Papa bought. Mama worried about the expense, but Papa said we couldn't have the day spoiled. We had a terrible time making it back to the train in time. Lenora's skirt was an abomination, Papa declared, and he threatened to pick her up and carry her, but we finally got there in time.

The train ride was a great lark, and not a single thing happened except Teddy threw up, and in the excitement we almost went right past Rainbow Springs. Lenora declared that everyone smelled oddly, though Mama said not a bit had got on anyone.

"Anyway," Papa said, "the fresh air will blow the odor away."

RAINBOW Springs was the most exciting place to go in the whole country. The swimming was the best part, but you could buy stuff, and there were concessions and sideshows that Mama said not to waste our money on. But they turned out to be very disappointing, mostly tricks, though there was a real midget.

After swimming, we were all to go back to the Bowery for a big picnic lunch. Teddy got lost, and Papa went to hunt for him, so we were really hungry by the time we finally got to eat. Especially after Mr. Jackson went to find Papa, and then we all had to wait ages for him, which Papa said was very unfortunate.

Mrs. Jackson piled our plates with the most delicious fried chicken I had ever eaten. Everything would have been wonderful except Lenora kept acting so silly, and Edgar was almost as bad. They sat by each other, and each time Edgar got her anything she would blush and giggle, and then Mr. Jackson would say something, and she would blush some more.

I thought Papa would surely straighten her out when we got home, but he just gave her an occasional sad kind of look. Pretty soon, though, he cheered up, and Mrs. Jackson got out the biggest cake you ever saw all decorated up like Valentine's Day only Valentine's Day is ages away. At the sight of the cake, Lenora just buried her face in her hands and wouldn't look at anyone, though her cheeks were as rosy as anything where you could see them. Even Edgar looked sillier than I've ever seen him.

PAPA cleared his throat and said a little explanation ought to be forthcoming for the benefit of the boys, and Mama said, "Yes, dear, but it isn't going to happen for a long time yet. They have permission just to be engaged, but there's no thought of marrying yet. . . ."

"I'll make the announcement," Papa said firmly, but it was too late.

We stared dumbfounded at Edgar. Was he really crazy enough to want to marry Lenora? She was pretty all right, but what did he want with a wife? He had a real automobile with all those parts.

Teddy ran over and jumped in Lenora's lap, sandy shoes and all, and began to cry.

"Wish her happiness, boys," Papa hissed at us, and we mumbled the "I wish you happiness" as best we could, while Lenora explained to Teddy that she was going to live at home for ages yet. She was just engaged. Teddy made us all feel kind of funny. It was getting late in the afternoon, so Papa and Mama and the Jacksons hustled us into getting ready to go home.

Edgar thought, under the circumstances, Lenora ought to ride home with him. After all, both his parents would be sitting right there with them. Mrs. Jackson tied one of her veils around Lenora because of the dust, and Mama took off her scarf and tied down Lenora's hat with it. We all watched enviously. When it was time to get in the car, Lenora's foot wouldn't go high enough because of her skirt. For a moment we thought Lenora might not get to ride in the automobile after all, but Edgar boosted her up. (Papa was going to, but Edgar beat him to it.) And then we were all off for home.

I don't remember much about the train ride home, except it seemed funny without Lenora. I wondered if the others felt as mixed up as I did. Maybe our whole family would just melt away the way Lenora was doing. The day hadn't ended exactly right. I began to get a lump in my throat, so I went to sleep.

There isn't anything else to tell except when we got home, Mrs. Cherry had a hot dinner all ready. Papa woke us up and made us eat, though we were getting tired of fried chicken. Papa told Mrs. Cherry the chicken was excellent, though somewhat scrawny. Not much meat.

It was my turn to help at the table. Just as I was going into the pantry, I heard Mama say, "Mrs. Cherry, where did you get those chickens you cooked?"

"Out of your garden, that's where," said Mrs. Cherry proudly. "I caught those two prancing, ugly roosters that's pestered us to pieces and cooked their goose, if you know what I mean. . . ."

Mama looked faint. "We won't mention this to Papa, at least not

until morning. There's no sense in spoiling his sleep tonight."

I went back to the table, and I was surprised to find I wasn't nearly so sleepy anymore even though it had been a real long important day, going to Rainbow Springs and all.

It's a New Year

Helen S. Williams

THERE is a magic in the thought of newness. Old grudges, bad habits, foolish fears, old troubles can fade and pass into nothingness because the year is new. If met a day at a time, each hour of the twenty-four may not be difficult. One can be charitable, courageous, spiritual for one hour, one day at a time.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself" . . . (Matthew 6:34).

Believe in yourself. You are made in God's image. Unless there is sincere belief of your own worth in the scheme of life, you will deprive yourself and your fellow men of the gifts that God has given to you. Do not hide your talents, for to some are given one and to others many. Everyone has a contribution to make to life if he believes in himself.

"Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest (Joshua 1:9).

Remember that those you love, probably love you. Know joy in the assurance that you are needed and wanted. As you give service, love, and friendliness in your own particular way, they will return unto you tenfold.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ" (Galatians 6:2).

Seek for the good in others, and if you come to someone's defense, a part of your heart reaches out to that person and stays with him forever and ever, and thus your own soul is enriched. "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged" (Luke 6:37).

Endeavor to be a peacemaker. Small deeds may create peace—a prayer, a handclasp to one who is lonely, a smile in place of a frown, a gentle voice instead of loudness or sharpness of tongue, praise to one discouraged, and sincere attention rather than indifference.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God" (Matthew 5:9).

It's a New Year! The old one, with its cares and disappointments, has passed beyond recall; repent of broken resolutions, the heartbreaks of yesteryear; they are now in God's keeping. He will understand and forgive. If we begin anew, the memories and blessings of the past will help to give strength, beauty, and purpose to the year ahead.

It will be made up of hours, days, and months. A little at a time, with our Father in heaven to guide and give light so that the pilgrimage through the New Year will be joyous. It is your year. Keep the magic of its newness ever alive. Keep faith in yourself, in your fellow men, and in your Father in heaven.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Hebrews 11:1).

White With Silence

Christie Lund Coles

Winter is a white swan
Poised upon the lake,
Lifting a queenly throat
For pure beauty's sake.

No gawdy bird compares
To this, unsullied, now:
White, white with silence
And impervious snow.

The Swedish Mission

Preston R. Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

AT the October conference of the Church, held in Salt Lake City in 1849, Erastus Snow, a member of the Council of the Twelve, was called to open a mission for the Church "in the Scandinavian countries." Two elders, Peter O. Hansen and John E. Forsgren, were chosen to accompany him.

These brethren made their way across the plains eastward in the winter and endured severe hardships. It was not until June 14, 1850, that they arrived in Copenhagen, Denmark, and began their labors.

John E. Forsgren was a native of Sweden, and shortly after his arrival in Denmark he made his way to Gavle, Sweden, to visit members of his family whom he had not seen for several years. It was there at Gavle, on July 26, 1850, about a month after his arrival, that he baptized his brother, Peter Adolf Forsgren, the first convert to join the Church in that land.

Elder Forsgren labored diligently and baptized a few more converts, when he was seized by the police and banished from his native country for teaching the Mormon doctrines, there being no religious liberty in Sweden at that time. However, in 1853, successful missionary work was

Svenska Turisttrafikforbundet
Submitted by Ethel E. Blomquist

FLUSS ABISKOJOKK IN THE LAPPLAND HIGHLANDS, SWEDEN

Hovfotograf Bertil Norberg
Submitted by Ethel E. Blomquist

THE CASTLE OF BORGHOLM, ISLAND OF OLAND, SWEDEN

carried on in southern Sweden, by Elder Anders W. Winberg, and on April 24th of that year, the first branch of the Church in Sweden was organized by Elder Winberg at Skonaback. A short time later a small branch was organized at Malmo. The work has continued since that time and has been extended to all parts of the country.

Sweden comprised an important part of the Scandinavian Mission until 1905, when it was made a separate mission. Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian, computed in 1930, that from the time missionary work began in Sweden until 1930, 19,147 persons had been baptized, of whom 8,545 had emigrated to Utah.

In August 1957 there were 2,404 members of the Church in Sweden, located in thirty-six branches. Harry T. Oscarson is the mission president.

Forty Relief Society organizations, with 535 members, were reported in December 1956. Ruth T. Oscarson presides over the Swedish Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, "Summer Sunset, Magelungen Lake, Near Stockholm, Sweden," was submitted by the former President of the Swedish Mission Relief Society, Ethel E. Blomquist. The photograph was taken by Eben J. Blomquist, Jr. See also "Recipes From the Swedish Mission," by Ruth T. Oscarson, page 38.

Elizabeth's Children

Olive W. Burt

Chapter 1

AFTER the funeral the family returned to Fred's ranch house, six cars full of them. The emotional strain of burying Elizabeth, eldest and best-loved sister, had left them all somewhat drained of feeling, and hungry. The neighboring ranch women had brought in great casseroles of food, kept hot in Elizabeth's big oven, cakes and pies and loaves of fragrant, homemade bread. Now Elizabeth's sisters and sisters-in-law bustled about, setting out the food and dishes, while the men gathered in small knots, talking in low tones.

The visiting children, released from the solemnity of the preceding hours, scattered in play. All but Elizabeth's four, Carol noticed. They sat on the lower steps of the broad stairs in a small, disconsolate group, and watched the activity about them with wide, solemn eyes.

Carol detached herself from the other women and went to the children. She put an arm around Trudy, the golden-haired four-year-old, and Becky, her six-year-old sister. The little girls snuggled against their aunt, longing for the comfort of motherly arms. Over their heads, Carol smiled gently at Kathy and Steve, whose efforts to be brave and calm were obvious in set lips and carefully controlled movements.

"Shall we sneak out and take a little walk?" Carol asked. "I remember a place by the river that is cool and green in the summer. It must be pretty now that the leaves are turning. I'll make us a little lunch and we'll slip down there and eat it by ourselves. Okay?"

Relief leaped into Kathy's eyes, dimmed instantly by doubt. "Will it be all right? Daddy said we ought to. . . ."

"Your daddy won't care. I'll speak to him. You youngsters go upstairs and take off your nice clothes. Slip into everyday clothes and sweaters while I get the lunch ready."

The four children scampered up the stairs and Carol smiled. It was the first quick, spontaneous movement she had seen them make since her arrival last night. Poor little tykes, she thought compassionately. They've had so much sympathy poured out upon them that they are drenched—sodden. I'll get them away by themselves for awhile.

She spoke softly to their father, "Fred, I'm taking the children out for a little walk. They have to be alone. . . ."

Fred nodded, his eyes clouded. "Thanks, Carol." He glanced across the room filled with people. "I'd like to slip away somewhere, myself."

"I know, Fred," Carol's voice was sympathetic, "but they'll be going soon and then. . . ."

"Then I'll be really alone—alone for the rest of my life." His tone was somber.

"Not alone, Fred. You have the children. . . ."

Before she could say more, her

brother Louis joined them. Carol turned and went into the kitchen. She began putting sandwiches together.

"What are those for, Carol?" her mother asked, watching her.

CAROL looked at her mother. How she had aged in the past days! Elizabeth's death had put years upon that gray head. Elizabeth, her mother's darling and mainstay—the eldest child, who had stood beside her mother during the years of childbearing, taking over a large part of the care of each child as a new one came into the family. But, then, Elizabeth had married and gone away, and somehow—Carol never had known how—the eldest sister's mantle had fallen upon the youngest's shoulders. Somehow, it had slipped past the two brothers and the two sisters between, and lighted firmly upon Carol.

"I'm going to take the children for a walk, Mother," Carol explained. "They don't feel like playing with their cousins and they're lost here among the grownups. I'm going to take them down to the river bank, where it's quiet."

Her mother's sad eyes held memories. "Elizabeth loved the river," she began and stopped, her lips trembling.

Carol went quickly and gave her mother's shoulders a hug. She bent and kissed the smooth brow.

"We'll be back before dark. Don't worry about us."

She thrust bottles of milk, sandwiches, fruit into the ample picnic basket and went to get an old blanket. Kathy, still solemn, but with eagerness in her dark eyes, was leading her small sisters downstairs. Steve strutted ahead, aware of his eight-year-old importance. Carol handed Steve the blanket and picked up the picnic basket. They went out of the back door, and Carol felt the eyes of the other women upon her. She knew what they were thinking—there goes Carol, off on her own, as usual!

Trudy and Becky had dashed ahead, and Kathy came to her aunt's side. "I'm glad we could come away," she said in her serious, trying-to-be-adult voice. "Becky and Trudy don't understand . . ." and the big sister's voice broke.

Carol put her arm about the thin shoulders. "That's one thing to be grateful for, darling!" she whispered.

They found the grassy spot Carol remembered. How often she had sought the peace of this little nook when she had come at Elizabeth's call for help. Now the gold and red of autumn-tinted trees made a splash of color, reflected back from the smooth water of the slowly moving stream. Across the small river, towering snow-capped against the blue Wyoming sky, the three sharp peaks of the Tetons stood like silent, everlasting sentinels. Carol's artist soul rejoiced in the exquisite coloring and the tranquil majesty of the scene.

She spread the blanket and opened the lunch basket. The children were ravenous, for they, perhaps even more than their elders, had been drained by the experiences of the past days. They devoured sandwiches and milk and cake. When they had eaten all they could hold, they stretched out in the late afternoon sunlight, replete and quiescent.

"Tell us a story, Aunt Carol!" Steve demanded.

What story? Carol thought swiftly. It should be something gentle and happy, but she couldn't think of one that suited her. So she made one up—a story about the valley and the mountains and the trappers who had loved the spot. She omitted the savagery and misery and death that had been suffered there, and the place emerged as one of happiness and beauty and the quiet pursuit of a way of life.

THE sun was low when Carol finished, and the children stirred and got to their feet, ready now to go back to the house and the crowd of visitors. Carol was gratified at the serenity that had replaced the troubled stiffness in the children's faces. Perhaps she had done a little good for these children whom she loved almost as if they were her own. She caught herself up sharply. They were not her own. They were Elizabeth's and Fred's. She must not start thinking of them otherwise.

Back at the house, the others had eaten and cleared away the debris of the meal. They were all in the living room, and as Carol entered with Elizabeth's children she was conscious of the sudden silence that cut off the flow of conversation. So they were discussing her—or the children. They, the family, were settling things among themselves, as they always had settled them, involving her because she was not married, but not consulting her because she was the youngest. She nodded at them all brightly, and saw how the children were gathered to one aunt or another as the flow of conversation leaped the barrier of embarrassment and began again.

An hour later Carol spoke to Kathy. "Hadn't we better get the little folks to bed, Kathy?"

The child smiled up at her aunt, proud of being called upon to help.

"Yes," she agreed, "Trudy's almost asleep now."

They gathered the children and went upstairs. In the big, old-fashioned bathroom they gave the two little girls a warm bath, slipped on their night clothes, and took them into the bedroom, relinquishing the bathroom to Steve.

Carol sat down in Elizabeth's low rocker, and Trudy, looking like an angel in her soft, white nightgown, her golden curls damp on her forehead, climbed up on her aunt's lap. Becky knelt to say her prayers, her pigtailed brown head pressed close against Carol's knee.

She began, "Dear Father in heaven, bless Daddy and Mommy. . ." and stopped suddenly, choking, remembering. She dug her fist into her eyes.

Carol bent over the little girl, caressing her gently. "Go on, Becky."

The child gulped and went on with her usual nightly worship. Carol's heart was beating painfully. What if she hadn't been there? Would someone else have known just what to say? Her own mother would probably have broken down and sobbed. Fred's mother would have spoken harshly, covering her own sorrow by briskness. Carol's fingers stroked the brown head. She had to admit it—she understood Elizabeth's children better than anyone else! She shook her head firmly. She was being sentimental—and that, too, was not good for the children.

Steve came in from the bath, and Carol heard his and Trudy's prayers and tucked them into their beds. She glanced at Kathy. The ten-year-old would have to assume a good deal of responsibility now. Why not let her feel her acceptance into the adult group?

"Do you want to stay up another hour, Kathy? We could sit on the porch and talk."

Kathy's smile was shining. "Oh, yes, Aunt Carol. I'd like to."

They went downstairs together, Carol's arm about the girl's shoulders, two people bound together by ties of love and understanding. They by-passed the living room with its hum of conversation, and went out the side door onto the wide porch that ran around the ranch house. They selected a spot where they could look out upon the moon-drenched mountains, and sat in silence for a few minutes.

KATHY spoke first. "You're going away tomorrow, Aunt Carol?"

"Yes, Kathy," Carol answered gently. "I have to go. There's my job in the city—so many things piled up on my desk. You know about my work, Kathy?"

The child nodded. "Yes. Of course. Mommy always got the magazines with your paintings on the cover. We have them all, I guess."

Carol's arm drew the little girl closer. "Well, then, you know that I have to paint one of those covers every month—and I'm almost to my deadline now. Then I'm illustrating a book—a book about a little girl your age who loved to dance. When it is finished, I am going to send you a copy. . . ."

Kathy's train of thought wasn't diverted. "It's going to be awfully lonesome. . . ."

"Grandma Trent will be here with you. She wants to stay—and it will give her a home. She loves you children and your daddy."

"I love Grandma Trent, and Grandma Wilson, too," Kathy said slowly, "but they're too *old* to be *mothers* . . ." and suddenly she could contain her anguish no longer. She bent over, burrowing her head in Carol's lap, sobbing.

Carol held her close, letting the grief wash out. Finally, when the child was a little calmer, her aunt began, "I know how you feel, Kathy. It is hard to lose someone we love. You know, I loved your mother, too—we all did. And we are all grieved. But these things have to be faced—death as well as life."

Kathy was listening, her sobs stilled. "You know, darling, Aunt Carol lost someone very dear to her—a young man she had promised to marry. He was killed in a shocking car accident—it seemed so needless. . . ." Her voice trailed off, remembering her own anguish at the loss, at the realization of the futility of dreams.

Kathy raised her tear-stained face. "Oh," she breathed, "he would have been my uncle! I know I have other uncles, but he would have been special, wouldn't he? Belonging to you!" Then, after a moment of thought, "But you didn't get over it, did you, Aunt Carol?"

Carol was startled. All day she had been trying to help the children over this difficult time until they got over the worst of their sorrow. And the little girl had understood, and now, with one sentence had re-

futed her aunt's hope. Carol felt she couldn't let this pass.

"In a way you're right, darling. In a way I haven't got over it, as you say. I think a person never gets over a true, deep love. And I think one shouldn't want to. For love is a treasure to be held dear and sacred. But the grief—the bitter grief—I have got over that, Kathy."

"Then why haven't you married someone else, Aunt Carol?"

Carol shook her head. So the child had heard the others talking! Well, she should be answered, and honestly.

"I don't know. I've just never found anyone that I thought could take his place."

"And we'll never find anyone to take Mommy's place, either!" Kathy cried, the tears springing to her eyes again.

Carol was shocked. Of course there never was anyone to take a dearly beloved person's place. But this child should not be left without a ray of hope.

"Of course not, Kathy. You wouldn't want anyone to take your mother's place. But there is someone, somewhere, who can take her very own place in your life—another mother—not Elizabeth, of course, but someone you'll love for her own self. Someone who will love you."

And somehow, unbidden, there flashed into Carol's mind the look on the face of Brent Gibson as he had told her goodby at the airport yesterday. She didn't have time to wonder at this. Kathy flung her arms around her aunt's neck.

"You, Aunt Carol!" she cried passionately, "you are the only one!"

Carol drew back, involuntarily. "No!" she whispered. "Not me, Kathy! Not me!"

The little girl's arms dropped. She drew back, rejected, her face stiff. Carol drew her close again, and said softly, her lips against Kathy's hair.

"Listen, darling. I do love you dearly, all of you. But it is not for me to come into your home and take over the rearing of you children. It's a responsibility that I'm not qualified to meet. And your Grandmother Trent will be here—she needs a home, and she has reared children—your Daddy. She knows the things that I don't know. Oh, Kathy, darling! It just isn't possible!"

CAROL couldn't, even in her own mind, balance her love for Elizabeth's children against her love of her work, her love of freedom that she had won after such a struggle. She couldn't say, even to herself, "Mrs. Trent can care for these children—but no one, no one can do my job!"

Kathy's thin body was stiff in her aunt's arms. "I know," she said resignedly. "I guess I'll go up to bed now, Aunt Carol."

Carol let her go. If she stays, the woman thought, I'll give in. Even if Mrs. Trent wouldn't want me here, I'd soon be ready to beg for the chance to stay. But I'm not going to stay. I had a hard enough time breaking away, getting a chance to live my own life.

She bent forward, her elbows on her knees, her hands pressed tight against her burning eyelids. Why was her heart torn with this anguish? Why couldn't she throw away her job, her painting, without

a thought—even of Brent Gibson's dismay at the news that he was losing his top artist? Or, failing that, why couldn't she turn her back on Elizabeth's children — carelessly, without worry? The tears squeezed through her lashes and wet her fingers. Oh, my dear, lost love! she thought. If only you had been spared — if only I had you and children of our own, then I would be at peace.

She rose at last, slowly, wearily, and went into the living room. They all looked up at her as she came in, and she thought she could feel the question in the air.

"I'll tell you all goodby now," she said quietly. "I'll be leaving before you're up in the morning . . . ."

"Not before I'm up!" Fred said firmly. "I'm going to drive you to the airport."

"Thanks, Fred."

She went to her mother and kissed her. "Goodby, Mother. I'll be home for a week-end soon." And she went swiftly up the stairs before anyone could find the words to stop her.

(To be continued)

The March of Dimes for 1958

Basil O'Connor

President, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

WIDESPREAD use of the Salk vaccine, made possible by March of Dimes funds, has already protected millions of Americans against the appalling paralysis of polio.

But the polio fight is far from finished. Not only do large segments of the public still lack this protection, but there still remain 300,000 victims of past polio attacks, many of whom — children in particular — can be restored by modern medical science to lives of usefulness and productivity. With victory in sight, we cannot walk off the battlefield and abandon the wounded. That is why our theme for this year's March of Dimes is "Survival Is Not Enough."

Survival is not enough for these thousands and thousands of youngsters and adults desperately disabled by polio. And we know that survival is not enough for the millions of Americans whose bottomless wells of human sympathy and understanding will be called upon in the 1958 March of Dimes. And that is why we are appealing to you to help keep the old polio patient from being made invisible by our success against new cases.

It thus becomes the principal job of the 1958 March of Dimes to bring hope and usefulness to the tens of thousands of polio-stricken children and adults who can benefit from modern care and rehabilitation. These are the ones who cannot be abandoned or forgotten; we cannot go on to new tasks until we finish the one at hand. When you give to the March of Dimes, you give meaning and purpose to the lives you helped to save.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1898

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

POLYNESIA: Polynesia, or the region of many islands, is the name usually given . . . to the numerous groups of islands and some few single islands scattered throughout the great Pacific ocean between the eastern shores of Asia and the western shores of America. . . . The principal groups of Polynesia are . . . the Sandwich Islands, Tonga, or the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas group and many other scattered islands. . . . Most of the islands and especially the largest are volcanic in their origin, and some are coraline. The volcanic islands some of which have peaks varying in height from one to fourteen thousand feet are often distinguished as the high islands. . . . The islands of coraline formation are low and generally small. . . .

—Emma Jenson

A VISIT TO SUMMIT STAKE: . . . In Rock Springs, Wyoming, we are cordially met by the president of the Relief Society and the Bishop's wife and several others . . . and we must here express our pleasure at the nice little meeting house that the Saints own in this far off settlement. . . . At 2 p.m. we hold a Relief Society meeting. . . . At Evanston we are met by the Relief Society president and others. We go to the president's home for dinner and then to a meeting. . . . and each time how it makes our hearts swell with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for his goodness to His people, for here again is another cosy meeting house and some good sisters. We have a profitable meeting, then go to Almy. . . . We are taken to Bishop Boun's home by his whole-souled wife. It is a comfortable home situated on the side of a hill overlooking the whole place and has the loveliest garden. . . . We call on several sisters then at 2 p.m., we hold meetings again. . . . There were several other settlements we were to visit, but the season being so far advanced . . . it was deemed wisdom to postpone it until a future time.

—Jennie

A TWILIGHT REVERIE

I'm sitting in the twilight, the sweetest hour of all,
The hour when day is dying and dusk begins to fall . . . .
The past within my memory locked, holds all its charm for me.
The future dim, uncertain, calls silently from afar,
With faith and love for a motto, and hope for a guiding star.

—Ethel B. Ferguson

THE NEW YEAR 1898: This people did not come into these valleys with the expectation of great wealth, on the contrary they came from religious motives, and that they might have a safe abiding place for themselves and those who desired to gather with them to build up Zion, and endeavor to keep the commandments of God. And year after year their number and possessions have increased; they have extended their borders and built up towns and cities, temples and institutions of learning, and made the waste places beautiful, and the land a delight to all. . . .

—Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of the Relief Society, was honored October 31, 1957, by the Utah State Conference on Social Welfare. At a luncheon meeting, Mrs. Spafford was made a life member of this organization in recognition of her contribution to the field of human welfare.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II of Great Britain opened the Canadian Parliament October 14, 1957, the first monarch ever to perform this function. She wore her white satin, jewel-encrusted coronation gown. Later, she spent six days in Eastern United States. In both countries she won the hearts of the people. Still youthful, beautiful, charming, and radiant, she is regarded as having grown in strength and self-assurance since her accession to the throne. Expressing her desire for world peace, she extended encouragement to the United Nations and others working toward that end.

MISS BABINGTON-SMITH, a granddaughter of the ninth Earl of Elgin, named by President Truman as "the outstanding Allied authority on the interpretation of photographs of aircraft," is the author of *Air Spy*, a book which describes her outstanding work during World War II. Harper and Brothers are the publishers.

MRS. BERTHA A. KLEINMAN, of Mesa, Arizona, eighty years old, received a great tribute when Governor Ernest W. McFarland proclaimed November 4, 1957, as "Bertha Kleinman Day," throughout the State. The proclamation referred to Mrs. Kleinman's efforts in behalf of the cultural and spiritual life of Arizona through her years of "warm and unselfish service to the church and her community." Nationally recognized for her work in the fields of pageantry and poetry, she has written many pageants for the Church. She will be especially remembered for the pageant "The Message of the Ages," presented in Utah and other places in 1930, commemorating the latter-day organization of the Church and, in 1947, at the great Centennial celebration.

MRS. MILLICENT TRALLE, Chaplain, El Paso District Texas Woman's Press Association, has written a prayer for press women, lines of which are: "Help us . . . to learn and know the truth and to report it with fairness and consideration. Help us ever to remember the power of the pen and to employ it for constructive purposes only . . . help us to expend the rich heritage that is ours as women toward building the Kingdom of Heaven on earth."

EDITORIAL

VOL. 45 JANUARY 1958 NO. 1

The Value of Time

Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion; for, lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord. And many nations shall be joined to the Lord in that day, and shall be my people . . . (Zechariah 2:10-11).

WITH the coming of the New Year, treasures of time are again given to us, and the door of another year is opened wide. It is a time for contemplation of the use which will be made of the days which lie before us, which are a part of our life span upon the earth, and therefore precious to us. No one should wish to waste a single hour in the cycle of time, and the choice of the way in which time is spent is of such importance to each of us, and to the many others whose life pathways are crossed with ours, that a thoughtful consideration should be given to our allocation of the hours that compose the days and the years.

For women who are homemakers and wives and mothers, for these privileged and blessed women, the allotment of a large part of available time is set by the responsibilities attendant upon these blessings, and the woman who would be wise enough to place first things first, will find within her household the duties which will require a large part of her time. She will, perhaps, find it necessary to classify the duties which are essential, those which are desirable, and those of questionable worth. It may be that when these duties are measured in the mind of the homemaker, she will be able to place emphasis upon those tasks which have a lasting benefit for her family and minimize the activities which are only temporary in value.

It often happens that an activity which may not seem to have a rich reward for the moment, may in time to come be a remembered and precious experience to all participants. A walk with a child, viewing the springtime world, and talking only of flowers and grass and the Heavenly Father who made them, may be a permanent link of fulfillment between mother and child. The Family Hour, when the parents and the children unite in an expression of their talents and their love and consideration for each other; the holiday in the summer hills, when the family finds contentment together — these are hours rich in values beyond the time of their first satisfactions.

Since we are the custodians of our own time, the reckoning must be made from a full heart and a grateful spirit — a rejoicing because of the days given to us, but also a weighing of our use of them.

Time and the ability to labor are the capital stock of the whole world of mankind, and we are all indebted to God for the ability to use time to advantage, and he will require of us a strict account of the disposition we make of this ability; and he will not only require an account of our acts, but our words and our thoughts will also be brought into judg-

ment (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1941 Edition, page 301).

It is for her own benefit here and hereafter, and for the blessing of her children, that a woman may be grateful for opportunities which the Church offers in many fields of personal development and service to others. It is our duty and our privilege as sisters to teach each other the gospel and to comfort and encourage each other; it is our blessed opportunity to teach each other's children in the Auxiliary organizations, and to have our children nurtured in a heritage of spiritual wealth. The woman who contributes part of her time to Church service and to her own organization, the Relief Society, is twice blessed: through her own efforts, she enjoys the lasting satisfactions of the giver; and through the teachings and inspiration of others, she is blessed as a recipient. The value of time, then, is doubled, and the enlightenment becomes a treasure to be kept for all the future days in all time.

The gifts of the years are richly given to those who find uplifting thoughts and health for body and mind in the natural world around us, in the seasons as they turn upon the earth, in plantings and harvests; in the far mountains and deserts, and in the quiet hills of home. The treasures of the arts, both for participation and appreciation, are jewels of time available to us — for our choice. Even within her own home, even with her children around her, a woman may explore the wide and radiant fields of music, history, literature, painting, handicrafts; and she may apply her knowledge in these to make her home more harmonious and the lives of her children as varied as the world is generous in its offerings to those who seek for the true riches of time. In her home a woman may share the great books with her family. She may read the Bible to her children.

Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night: that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: The Lord is his name . . . (Amos 5:8).

—V. P. C.

Two Visitors

Hazel M. Thomson

A kindly soul came to the home,
On a sad, heartbreaking day.
She shook the hands and talked with folks,
In a sympathetic way.
And in soft tones she said to them,
Before she turned to go,
"If there is *anything* I can do,
Be sure and let me know."

Another came, to this same house,
Entered quietly at the door.
Washed the dishes, made a pie,
And finally scrubbed the floor.
And when she left, no one recalled,
Though they knew it to be true,
That she had never even asked,
If there was *anything* she could do.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

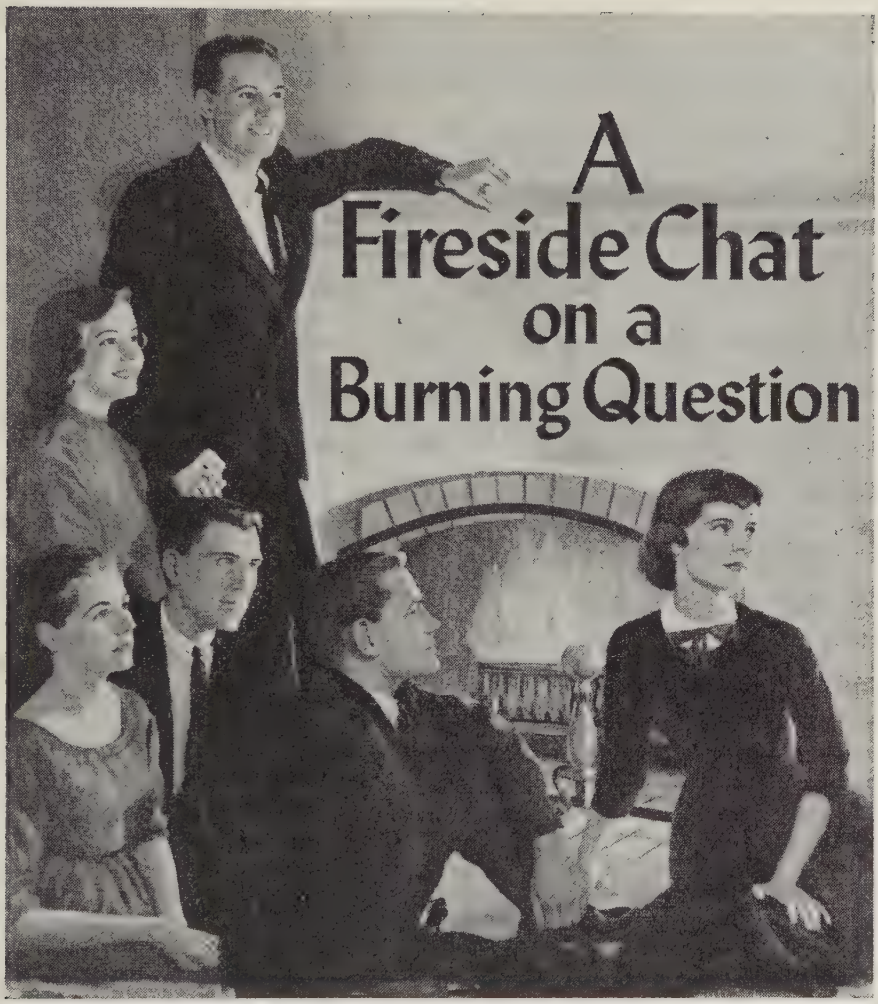
THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 2, 1958, has again been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society. A suggestive program for this meeting is being sent to the stakes in pamphlet form. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting. Suggested songs for the Singing Mothers are "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy," by Evan Stephens, and "Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I Go," by Schumann. If this music is not available in your local stores, it may be purchased from music dealers advertising in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1957 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1958.

Bound Volumes of 1957 Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1957 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement on page 71.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, leather $3.50, including the index. A limited number of the 1957 *Magazines* are available at the offices of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah, for $2 for twelve issues. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1957 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.



A Fireside Chat on a Burning Question!

FIRE is man's friend; it can be his foe. It is heat for his home, energy for his machines; refiner and purifier of coarse materials; source of light.

The word itself — "fire" — is rich in symbolism: *fired with imagination; fired with enthusiasm; fired with inspiration; fired with faith.*

A beautiful compound of the word is *fireside* — symbol of home, hospitality, friendship.

To thousands of young people, "Fireside" means something special: a Sabbath evening spent with young neighbors in pleasant, prayerful discussion and song.

All these are positive aspects of *fire.* But it has negative connotations

and destructive powers, also. It can mean — or bring — danger, destruction, death.

Four hundred billion times a year in America someone kindles a destructive fire — with the strike of a match or the flick of a lighter to start a cigarette. That's "playing with fire" — fire of the most dangerous kind. In the process, millions of Americans are "getting burned" — not a few of them fatally — for the cigarette is now known by scientific research as well as through revelation to be a deadly foe of health, vitality, and long life.

To quote Dr. Alton Ochsner, one of the world's most eminent cancer specialists:

"Tobacco is a loaded, often lethal, weapon. Time pulls the trigger."

Most other unbiased medical researchers and practicing physicians now agree.

Light up? Just a minute, young friend! That's the wrong road! It's the way to *bad luck*: bad breath, bad taste, bad throat, bad lungs, bad nerves, bad heart.

The road to good luck for youth and adults is to know and heed what inspired religious leaders, as well as today's informed scientists, tell us about tobacco and what we ought to do about it — shun it for the deadly poison it is.

This is wisdom — and what rich and wonderful rewards come from acting wisely.

So — to good friends at the fireside — and all others everywhere — beware of false promises of pleasures from tobacco. These promised pleasures are nothing but "pipe dreams." They can't come true. Rather, be informed, be smart, be obedient—

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF.

There Is a Winter Now

Helen H. Winn

There were the winters, and I knew them well—
The crush of snow in mold of mittened hands,
Fluff on the tongue, the clean transparent smell,
The steam of breath, the numbness when one stands
Too long, that creeps through rubber-booted feet
And sends them finally through tracks of white
To seek a gratifying warm retreat
And curl in woolen blankets for the night.

There is a winter now outside the door
That I have tightly shut against the cold.
I cannot make snow angels anymore,
Or build a fort with snowballs I have rolled.
Winter has lost its friendliness somehow—
There is a pane of glass between us now.

Biographical Sketches of Contest Winners

Helen Candland Stark, Wilmington, Delaware, a graduate of Brigham Young University, submits the following account of her interests and activities: "The eldest of nine children, I grew up summers in Sanpete County, Utah, and winters in Provo. I taught English and speech in high school, and was a member of the faculty of Brigham Young University when I married Dr. Henry Stark, a chemist for the DuPont Company, and we came East to live. We have seen a nucleus of two or three families grow into a branch of the Church large enough to build a chapel. Our older son and daughter are freshmen at Brigham Young University, and our youngest child is a junior in high school. We live on a five-acre lot, where we enjoy following the seasons with seed and harvest. In the community I have been active in little theater groups and as a speaker on literary and religious subjects. For several years I have edited a Church branch newsletter."

Lael W. Hill, Salt Lake City, Utah, was born in Oregon to Parley and Maryhale Woolsey. She began writing as a child and made her first sale to *The Improvement Era*. Her work has appeared in many national magazines, anthologies, and newspapers. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers, the Art Barn Poets, Utah Poetry Society, and Poets of the Pacific. Her stories and poems have received several outstanding awards, including *The Deseret News* prize Christmas story in 1952. In addition to writing, Mrs. Hill keeps house, sews, illustrates books, and takes care of four children, two big boys and two little girls. Her husband is Udell Hill. Mrs. Hill says that the members of her family have appeared many times in her writings. She tells us that her poem "Song of the Weathervanes" grew from the cover of *The Relief Society Magazine* for July 1956.

Alice Morrey Bailey, Salt Lake City, is the wife of DeWitt Bailey, mother of four children and grandmother to six. Her poems and stories have appeared in many magazines and newspapers and have received prizes for their outstanding artistry. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers, the Utah Sonneteers, the Associated Utah Artists, hostorian of the Utah Poetry Society, and is a member of the Utah State Institute of Fine Arts, appointed to represent sculpture by two successive governors. She serves in this position as a member of the Art Committee, charter member of the Original Writing Contest, and Utah State Symphony Board member. She is Supervisor of the Research Report Service, a branch of co-operative research, at the University of Utah. Since the age of twelve, she has been active in the Auxiliaries of the Church. The last two years she has devoted much time to writing two volumes of the history of her family. She is now resuming her work in marble carving at the University of Utah.

Deone Robinson Sutherland, Oakland, California, tells us that she "graduated from the University of Utah in 1945, where I was editor of *The Pen* and active in the theater. I have continued writing on and off since then, and enjoy it as a hobby when the children are napping or in bed for the night. My husband, Dr. Harold Pratt Sutherland, and I have three wonderful children, two boys and a girl, eight, four, and eighteen months. We have lived in nine different wards since our marriage in the Salt Lake Temple ten years ago. In the past I have been ward and stake drama director, taught the literature lessons for five years in Relief Society, and am now beginning my second year as First Counselor in the Primary presidency of Oakland Fourth Ward. I was born in Salt Lake City, and grew up in Granger, Utah, where my parents now live."

Recipes From Sweden

Ruth T. Oscarson

ONE of the first words that you learn in the Swedish language is the word "Smorgasbord." It comes from an old tradition said to have originated long ago at country parties to which each guest would bring some kind of food. These dishes were then arranged on a long table around which the guests walked, filling their plates. The Smorgasbord is still served buffet style, but it has been adapted to current tastes and is in perfect harmony with food habits of today.

It varies greatly in size, and may sometimes consist of only a few dishes. When eating the Swedish Smorgasbord, one always begins with bread, butter, pickled herring, and boiled potatoes. Then other cold fish dishes are served, followed by cold meats and vegetable salads, and then the hot dishes. Usually you top it all off with cheese.

Desserts, when served, are usually served later.

The following recipes can all be used for Smorgasbord, or they may be served separately as dinner or luncheon dishes.

Kalops (Beef Stew)

2 lbs. beef chuck
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. white pepper
2 tbsp. flour
1½ tbsp. butter
3 red or yellow onions, sliced
10-15 whole allspice
2 bay leaves
2 c. water

Cut meat into thick slices or large cubes and remove sinews. Pound with a meat hammer and turn in flour mixed with salt and pepper. Brown butter in Dutch oven. Add meat and onions and brown on all sides, then add bay leaves and whole allspice. Bring water to boiling point and pour over meat. Simmer in a covered pan for about one and one-half hours or until meat is tender. Add more water if needed. When ready, place meat in hot deep dish and strain gravy over. Serve with boiled potatoes and pickled beets or Lingonberries. (Lingonberries are like cranberries.)

Inlagda Rodbetor (Pickled Beets)

20 small beets
1 qt. water
2 tsp. salt

Dressing:
1 c. vinegar
4 tbsp. water
4 tbsp. sugar
1 clove

Wash beets well and cut off leaves, leaving an inch of stem. Place whole beets in salted boiling water and cook twenty to forty minutes, or until tender. Drain, cool, peel, and cut in thin slices. Place in glass dish. Mix vinegar, water, sugar, and clove and pour over beets. Allow to stand one to three hours.

Ugnsomelett (Baked Omelet)

4 eggs
½ tsp. salt
dash of white pepper
1⅓ c. cream or milk
1 tbsp. butter

Beat eggs together with seasoning and add cream. Pour into a well-buttered omelet pan or baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for fifteen to twenty minutes or until golden brown. Loosen with spatula and slide onto buttered saucepan and cover. Slide one half onto hot platter, cover with filling, and fold over. If baking dish is used, pour filling over omelet. Serve immediately.

Filling for Omelet:

1 can of lobster or shrimps (6½ or 7 oz. can)
2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. flour
1⅓ c. cream and lobster or shrimp stock
salt and pepper to taste

Cube fish meat. Melt butter in pan, add flour, and stir until well blended. Add cream and stock gradually while stirring. Simmer ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add fish meat, and season. Reheat quickly. Serve in omelet.

Sockerkakstarta Med Vaniljkram

(Tart With Vanilla Cream Filling)

4 eggs
¾ c. sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
⅓ c. flour
⅓ c. potato flour or
⅔ c. flour minus 2 tbsp. and add 2 tbsp. cornstarch

Sift flour with potato flour or cornstarch and baking powder. Beat egg whites until stiff. Add sugar, egg yolks, and flour. Stir until well blended. Pour into well-buttered, deep round cake pan or iron frying pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for thirty minutes.

Filling:

2 egg yolks
1½ tbsp. butter
¾ tbsp. potato flour or cornstarch
1 c. cream
1 tsp. vanilla extract
2 tbsp. sugar

Mix all ingredients, except vanilla extract, in double boiler and cook until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add vanilla extract and beat occasionally until cold.

When cold, cut cake into two or three layers. Spread each layer with filling and cover top evenly with icing. Decorate with jam by making two and one-half inch squares on top and spreading jam in every other one. Mark squares with whipped cream forced through a paper tube.

Icing:

1 c. powdered sugar
1½ tbsp. water
½ tbsp. lemon juice

Mix all ingredients of icing and stir until smooth.

Inlagd Sill (Pickled Salt Herring)

1 large salt herring

Dressing:

½ c. white vinegar
2 tbsp. water
¼ c. sugar
2 tbsp. chopped onion
6 white peppercorns, crushed
6 whole allspice, crushed

Garnish: chopped onion, chives, or dill

Clean fish, removing head, and soak overnight in cold water. Bone and fillet. Cut in small slices, then slide spatula under slices and arrange like whole fish on glass plate. Mix ingredients for dressing and pour over fish. Garnish with chopped onion, chives, or dill, and leave two or three hours in refrigerator.

Cardamom Bread

8 c. flour
2½ c. lukewarm milk
2 pk. dry yeast.
1 c. sugar
1 egg
½ tsp. salt
¾ to 1 c. melted butter
15 to 20 cardamom seeds, pounded

Dissolve yeast in one-half cup lukewarm milk. Mix remaining milk, sugar, egg, salt, butter, cardamom seeds, and small amount of flour; beat smooth. Add yeast and remaining flour, beating with wooden spoon until smooth and firm. Sprinkle dough with small amount of flour, and cover with a clean towel and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk, about two hours. Turn onto lightly floured baking board and knead until smooth.

To shape the bread, take half of the dough, divide in two or three parts, and cut each part into three pieces of equal size. Roll with hands into long ropes and braid. Place on buttered baking sheet, cover, and let rise. Brush with slightly beaten egg. Sprinkle with sugar and chopped almonds and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for fifteen to twenty minutes.

To shape cinnamon ring, shape half of remaining dough in roll. Sprinkle baking board with flour and roll dough out as thin as possible with rolling pin. Spread with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. (Ground almonds may be substituted for cinnamon.) Roll dough jelly-roll fashion, beginning at long side, and join ends to form circle. Place in buttered baking pan or on sheet. Cut with scissors and let rise. Brush with slightly beaten egg and bake in moderate over (375° F.) for fifteen to twenty minutes.

Note: Cut with scissors into one-inch slices almost through ring, then lay one slice toward the outside of ring, and the next slice toward the inside. Do this all around the ring.

Luciapepparkakor (Lucia Gingersnaps)

1½ c. heavy cream
2½ c. brown sugar
1¼ c. dark syrup
1 tbsp. ginger
1 tbsp. lemon rind, grated
2 tbsp. baking soda
9 c. flour

Whip cream, add sugar, syrup, ginger, lemon rind, and baking soda and stir ten minutes. Add flour and work until smooth. Cover and leave in cool place overnight. Turn onto floured baking board and roll out thin. With floured cutters cut out heart shaped cookies, Santa Claus, gingerbread men, houses, animals, or other desired figures. Brush with water and bake on a greased cookie sheet in slow oven (250° F.) for fifteen minutes. Leave on sheet to cool.

Poem for January

Pansye H. Powell

I put Christmas out today,
Laid all the Christmas things away,
But all the time I worked I sang
And once again the carols rang.
So Christmas didn't really go—
It's lurking in my heart, I know!

Mercy Waters Peay Writes and Memorizes Poetry

MERCY W. PEAY

MERCY Waters Peay, Provo, Utah, has written many lovely poems, representative of her life and her ideals. She recently celebrated her ninety-third birthday, having passed through many troubles and adversities, but she has retained a cheerful outlook on life, a youthful mind, and much wit and humor. Her motto is: "What can't be cured must be endured." In the late hours of December 1951, she lay in bed listening for sounds of the ushering in of the New Year. These lines came to her mind:

Not a bell was rung,
Not a song was sung,
And thoughts were very few,
When the old year just passed away

And in came fifty-two.
If we pause a moment just to think
And listen to the tide,
One more year has come and gone
And crossed the Great Divide. . . .

Her literary compositions, in addition to poetry, include a charming love story and many fine pieces of prose. She served in Relief Society for many years and was a beloved visiting teacher. She has always subscribed to *The Relief Society Magazine*. She is the mother of ten children, five of whom are still living. Her grandchildren number nine, and her great-grandchildren eighteen. She still receives great joy by bringing sunshine and happiness into the lives of others.

Winter

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Like a shadow winter reaches far.
The days seem only half awake;
And drifting into night are lost
In darkness while the tempests break.

The snow rides high on whistling winds,
To destinations still unknown.
Distance calls to the wheeling gales
To fly where birds have never flown.

While tunneling through winter's length,
The earth is warm beneath the frost;
And wildest music thunders by—
Melodies forever lost.

Potato Starch Making

Alice R. Rich

TO the youthful truth seeker, a wide horizon sometimes opens and startling facts spring from the most common things we see around us every day.

The widely used and well-known potato, a native of the Western Hemisphere, took on a new and important meaning to Martha that bright June day when she came in for a word of help for her talk on pioneer industries.

She was dressed in a circular cotton skirt, rustling in its crispness and snowy whiteness. Underneath, and just barely showing, were her ruffled crinoline petticoats. She looked very much like a full-blown double petunia in all its summer beauty.

"Martha, you look very pretty in your summer finery, and you seem as happy as you look."

"Thanks Gramy! Now I need your help. You always know so much about pioneer life, I wish you would tell me about some pioneer project that you really helped with and know all about."

"Your new outfit, with its stand-out skirts, gives me an idea. These permanently stiff fabrics are rather modern. Many of them have been produced since you were born, but the idea of stiff flaring ruffles dates back many years."

"How did you make your ruffles stand out?"

"We used starch, the thicker we made the starch the stiffer our ruffles ironed out. But each time when our clothes were laundered, the starching process had to be done over again."

"What is starch made of, anyway?"

"There are many kinds of starch today," explained Gramy, "but when I was a child we made our starch from potatoes."

"From potatoes! That we eat at the table, mashed, baked, or in French fries?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell me about it."

"I must go back to the planting to give you the whole story. In the spring, after the frost was out of the ground, the time was ready for planting. We cut each seed potato into sections, with each piece having an eye or seed germ in it. These we planted in hills about twenty-four inches apart, and they grew into sturdy plants which blossomed with a blue-white flower somewhat resembling the snowdrop. From each piece of planted potato many roots grew out and reached down into the rich black soil and each root grew one or more potatoes. All summer the plants needed irrigation water and occasional hoeing to keep the soil loose. In October, before freezing weather came, we harvested them. It was fun to follow behind the plow, to watch the big steel blade turn over the soil and shell out the ripened potatoes, some large and some small. The potatoes seemed glad to get out into the sun and air, and we thought they looked at us with their many dull eyes as we gathered them into buckets and baskets. The large ones we stored in pits for table use, and the small ones we washed at the clear irrigation ditch in the back

yard ready for starch making the next morning.

"Harvesting potatoes was a full day's work, and we celebrated with a roast in the evening. We built a good fire with wood chips and buried the potatoes in the hot coals and ashes. While they cooked we played 'Run Sheep, Run,' 'Steal Sticks,' and 'Pomp, Pomp, Pull Away,' in the light of the bonfire. When we took the potatoes from the fire, they were sometimes a little burned and always very hot to handle, but we enjoyed eating the flavorful fluffy centers with a sprinkle of salt on them.

"After a night's sleep we were up and at our next stage of our harvest —starch making."

"How could you make starch from potatoes?"

"The first thing we must have a grater. This was made by piercing nail holes in a large piece of tin, bent and tacked in a bow on a board. We carefully shredded the small potatoes on this and let the bits fall into a tub of clear water.

"A potato is seventy-eight per cent starch, and only about two and two-tenths protein. The starch readily separated and made the water milky white. After stirring the mixture well, we covered the tubs and let the mixture stand overnight. Next morning, the pulp, washed clean of starch, floated on top the water and on the bottom of the tub we found a thick layer of damp starch. When this was dried, it crumbled into flakes or granules ready for use for the family laundry. On wash days we dissolved a few spoonfuls of the dried starch in a little cold water and poured boiling water over it and it became a creamy mass. This we put into the last rinse water for our cotton clothes to make them iron out smooth and stiff."

"Thanks, Gramy, for a very interesting bit of pioneer lore. My teacher and the class will be glad when I tell them about it."

Old Organ

Ida Elaine James

Here in this dusty room of memory
Where cluster mutely the intaglio
Of things once loved and lost, it speaks to me,
A silent voice from out the long ago.
I seem to see a tattered songbook spread
Across the holder of frail curlecues
Flanked on each side by lowered wicks which shed
From shaded lamps, a light to guide the muse.
There come to me again beloved words
That warm the heart: "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds"—
The healing music of those time-worn chords
That lifted heavenward young hearts and minds.
Fondly my heart goes back into the mist
Where echoes follow "Oh, Abide With Me."
Once more youth is the mellow organist
And tender voices keep it company—
Young faith repeated in the dust and gloom
Of a bent antiquary's cluttered room.

Three-Part Songs for Relief Society Singing Mothers

SUGGESTED BY FLORENCE J. MADSEN

Title	*By*	*Publishers*
O Lord Most Merciful—*(E)	Concone	Lorenz
Peace I Leave With You—(E)	Roberts	Boston Music Co.
My Soul Is Athirst for God—**(M)	Stickles	Schroeder & Gunther
God So Loved the World—(M)	Stainer	Belwin Music Co.
How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings—(M)	Liddle-Cain	Boosey-Hawkes
Bless the Lord, O My Soul—(M)	Shumaker	Presser
("e" *flat* may be substituted for the high "g" in the soprano part)		
I Will Lift Mine Eyes—(M)	Spross	John Church Co.
The Heavens Resound—(M)	Beethoven	Birchard
Jesus Our Lord We Adore Thee—(M)	James	G. Schirmer
O Saviour of the World—(M)	Goss-Ray	Broadcast Music Co.
O for a Closer Walk with God—(M)	Foster	Ditson
If With All Your Hearts—(M)	Mendelssohn	Arthur P. Schmidt
How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings—(M)	Smart	Presser
(2 or 3 part)		
O Saviour Hear Me—(Violin Obl.)—#(D)	Gluck-Riegger	Flammer
The Peace of God—(E)	Gounod-Lynes	Arthur P. Schmidt
O Come to My Heart, Lord Jesus—(M)	Ambrose	Ditson
Grant Me, Dear Lord, Deep Peace of Mind—(D)	Stickles	Willis
Eye Hath Not Seen—(M)	Gaul	Presser
The Silent Sea—(D)	Neidlinger	G. Schirmer
The Birthday of a King—(M)	Neidlinger	G. Schirmer
(2 or 3 part, Christmas number)		
I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked	O'Hara	G. Schirmer
(2 part — E) (3 part—M)		
The King of Glory—(M)	Parks	Kjos Music Co.
God Is Love—(M)	Shelley	G. Schirmer
Grateful, O Lord, Am I—(M)	Roma	Witmark
The Good Shepherd—(E)	Barri	G. Schirmer
(2 or 3 part)		
I Come to Thee—**(M)	Roma	Witmark
(2 or 3 part)		
Come Unto Him—(M)	Handel-Krones	Belwin
Let the Mountains Shout for Joy—(M)	Stephens-Scholin	Belwin
Beside Still Waters—*(E)	Hamblen	Boosey-Hawkes
Enough to Know—(E)	Ogden	Miller Music Corp.
Softly and Tenderly—(M)	Thomson-Rieger	Flammer
Open the Gates of the Temple—(M)	Knapp	Carl Fischer
(2 or 3 part)		
It Was for Me—(E)	Blount	Witmark
Still, Still With Thee—#(D)	F. Jepperson Madsen	G. Schirmer
O Lord, Remember Me—(M)	Roma-Trinkaus	Witmark
The Peace of God—(M)	Gounod-Lynes	Arthur P. Schmidt
The Lord Bless You and Keep You—(M)	Lutkin	Summy
Come, We That Love the Lord—(E)	Barnes	Willis
(2 part)		
I Will Exalt Thee, O Lord—(D)	Harris	Arthur P. Schmidt

*E—Easy **M—Medium #D—Difficult

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in this *Magazine* on page 47.

Photograph submitted by Annie B. Larson

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, YUKON TERRITORY, WHITEHORSE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY WINS PRIZE IN DOMINION-WIDE QUILT CONTEST

Left to right: Leone Jorde; Crystal Jorde, Secretary-Treasurer; Grace North, First Counselor; Ethel Robertson, President; Beth Drayton; Myrna Robertson.

Annie B. Larson, President, Western Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports: "This quilt was designed by Leone Jorde, who also won two individual awards for quilts. Crystal Jorde won an individual award for an afghan in the same contest. Beth Drayton, who lives 150 miles from Whitehorse, took part in the quiltmaking by mail. The Whitehorse Relief Society was organized in September 1956. It is probably one of the most isolated in the world. Whitehorse is located on the Alaskan Highway, and over one thousand miles of rugged northland separate these sisters from the nearest branch of the Church. And, despite this isolation, these sisters have an outstanding Relief Society. . . . The Dominion Contest which these sisters entered receives entries from all over Canada, and to win a prize among such stiff competition is a distinct honor."

Photograph submitted by Martha C. Eagar

JUAB STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Martha C. Eagar, President, Juab Stake Relief Society, is seated second from the left in the front row; First Counselor Helen B. Jones at the left, front row; Mary G. Jensen, Second Counselor, is seated in the third row, eighth from the left; chorister Vivian P. Hoyt and organist Jennie Hintce are seated at the right in the front row.

Sister Eagar reports that the Singing Mothers chorus of Juab Stake numbers 100 members and comprises six wards. The chorus sings at stake quarterly conferences.

Photograph submitted by Marion N. Pinkston

LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ARLINGTON WARD FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT ANNUAL BIRTHDAY PARTY

Left to right: Maude Sanders LaFrankie; Jeannette Wride Redd; Leone Haymore Tyler; Edna Layton Jones; Vera Eddington Thomsen; Caroline Layton Naylor; Artemesia Woolley Farr; Vivian Hastings Kerr; Artell Funk Lent; Evva Osborn Vorhees.

Helen Barlow Clayton was not present when the picture was taken.

Marion N. Pinkston, President, Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Arlington Ward was organized in 1936 and has had eleven Relief Society presidents, all of whom are still living and active in Church organizations."

Photograph submitted by Lovell W. Smith

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, NORTH CAROLINA CENTRAL DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS RETIRING PRESIDENT AT SOCIAL, September 29, 1957

Left to right: Ruby Braddock, retiring Secretary; Alice Brewer, retiring President; Jessie Roberts, President; Mary Ball, First Counselor; Leone Johnson, Second Counselor; Beulah Aldridge, Secretary.

Lovell W. Smith, President, Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society, reports: "The retirement of Alice Brewer as Relief Society President of the North Carolina Central District, occasioned a social in her honor at the Colfax chapel. Attending were the executive officers of the district and branch Relief Societies. On behalf of the members throughout the district, Sister Brewer's successor to the presidency, Sister Jessie Roberts, presented a gift in appreciation of her seven years of faithful and productive service."

Regulations Governing the Submittal of Material for "Notes From the Field"

THIS section of the *Magazine* is specifically devoted to pictures and accounts of activities and accomplishments of Relief Societies from all over the world. Through this section are revealed blessings of this great organization as they touch the lives of sisters in small, remote areas, in the larger organizations in the increasing number of the stakes of the Church, and in the widely scattered missions throughout the world. From the pages of this section new ideas may be gained for conducting the various phases of the program of Relief Society, and it is hoped that all members of Relief Society far and near will sense more fully the great sisterhood of which they are a part, all striving in their particular Relief Society organizations for the accomplishment of the same general goals.

Each stake and each mission is entitled to have published in "Notes

From the Field" one picture and accompanying descriptive material each year. Inasmuch as the space available for this section is so limited in relation to the number of stakes and missions, it is reserved for the accounts and pictures of organizations or groups in ward or stake Relief Society organizations, rather than for individuals.

When submitting pictures, it is requested that only one picture be sent, rather than submitting several pictures with the request that the general board select one from the group for publication. Pictures can be used only if they are clear and distinct and will make good cuts for reproduction.

In making arrangements for having pictures taken, the person in charge should carefully check the following points:

1. Be sure that the women in the picture are arranged so that all of the faces will be visible.

2. The photographer should stand as close as possible to the group, as long distance shots do not reproduce well in the *Magazine*.

3. Note the position of each woman, especially those who are seated.

4. When the picture shows a large group of women, it is more effective to arrange them in a number of shorter rows, rather than in one or two long lines.

5. The print should be finished in glossy black and white and should be made in size eight inches by ten inches, if possible, although smaller prints will be accepted.

Information accompanying the picture should give a descriptive title of the picture, and state the activity represented or the purpose of the meeting of the group. The date of the event should also be indicated. Identification of persons in the picture should be made on the reverse side. Names should be given from left to right, and written clearly. Officers in the picture and such other women as may have been leaders in the project presented in the picture, or those who are especially honored on the occasion, may be identified. Give first names of the women, such as Jennie N. Davis, instead of Mrs. John Davis or Sister Davis, and state position held.

Notes and pictures should be submitted as soon after the event as possible.

Pictures published in the *Church News* will not be published also in the *Magazine*.

All material submitted for "Notes From the Field" should be sent through stake or mission Relief Society presidents and should be addressed to the General Secretary-Treasurer of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The name of the person submitting the material should be indicated, together with the name of the stake or mission it is to represent. (See also *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*.)

The general board would like to express its appreciation for the excellent co-operation received from the stakes and missions in submitting material for "Notes From the Field."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 7—The Three Special Book of Mormon Witnesses

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants: Sections 5, 6, 8, 9, 17)

For Tuesday, April 1, 1958

Objective: To emphasize the importance of the testimonies of the men who assisted Joseph Smith at the time of the coming forth of The Book of Mormon.

Urim and Thummim and Revelation

SECTIONS 8 and 9 of the Doctrine and Covenants are directed to Oliver Cowdery, whose acquaintanceship with the Prophet Joseph Smith began April 5, 1829. It is interesting to notice that Section 6, as also Section 3 and others, was received through the Urim and Thummim. (See the superscription.) This fact points up a use of these sacred instruments other than for the translation of ancient writings.

Oliver Cowdery Meets Joseph Smith

Oliver Cowdery had been teaching school in the New York, Manchester township area where the Prophet's father's family resided. As was customary in those times, the school teacher lived with the families in the school district "who sent to the school," and, by this means, Oliver became acquainted with the Smith family. Before this he had heard from David Whitmer, a friend, about the Prophet having received The Book of Mormon plates.

Two days after the arrival of Oliver Cowdery in Harmony township, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, where the Prophet was residing, the Prophet "... commenced to translate the Book of Mormon, and he [Oliver] began to write for me" (The Pearl of Great Price, *Writings of Joseph Smith* 2:67). Sometime during this same month of April 1829, Joseph inquired of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim and received Section 6.

Joseph Smith Received Divine Revelation

The principal value of this revelation in our study is to learn wherein the testimony given to Oliver contributes to the fact that Joseph

Smith received divine revelations. The Lord herein reveals only that which Oliver Cowdery knew before meeting Joseph, but this same information was revealed to Joseph and thus the Lord sustained him as a prophet in the eyes of Oliver.

With the foregoing facts in mind, let us turn to verses 14-18 of Section 6:

> Verily, verily, I say unto thee, blessed art thou for what thou hast done; for thou has inquired of me, and behold, as often as thou hast inquired thou hast received instruction of my Spirit. If it had not been so, thou wouldst not have come to the place where thou art at this time.
>
> Behold, thou knowest that thou hast inquired of me and I did enlighten thy mind; and now I tell thee these things that thou mayest know that thou hast been enlightened by the Spirit of truth;
>
> Yea, I tell thee, that thou mayest know that there is none else save God that knowest thy thoughts and the intents of thy heart.
>
> I tell thee these things as a witness unto thee—that the words or the work which thou hast been writing are true.
>
> Therefore be diligent; stand by my servant Joseph, faithfully, in whatsoever difficult circumstances he may be for the word's sake (D. & C. 6:14-18).

Notice from this scripture that Oliver would not have come to visit Joseph, if it were not for the fact that his prayers had been answered. The Lord here makes known that the thoughts and intents of the heart are known to him, and that, in this case, Oliver Cowdery had received a witness that the work of translating the plates of The Book of Mormon in which Joseph Smith was employed, was of the Lord. Consequently, he is admonished to diligence in assisting Joseph.

In order that Oliver might not lose sight of the witness that had been given to him, and also that he might understand more fully that he was, in fact, helping a true prophet of the Lord, this revelation continues in verses 22 to 24 inclusive, with further confirmation:

> Verily, verily, I say unto you, if you desire a further witness, cast your mind upon the night that you cried unto me in your heart, that you might know concerning the truth of these things.
>
> Did I not speak peace to your mind concerning the matter? What greater witness can you have than from God?
>
> And now, behold, you have received a witness; for if I have told you things which no man knoweth have you not received a witness? (D. & C. 6:22-24).

In this way, the Lord confirmed the witness Oliver had received. Notice the significant words: " . . . if I have told you things which no man knoweth, have you not received a witness?" Joseph Smith, by revelation, now knew what only the Lord and Oliver had known previously.

In the Prophet's history, we find this record of the witness given to Oliver:

> After we had received this revelation, Oliver Cowdery stated to me that after he had gone to my father's to board, and after the family had communicated to him concerning my having obtained the plates, that one night after he had retired to bed he called upon the Lord to know if these things were so, and the Lord manifested to him that they were true, but he had kept the circumstance entirely secret, and had mentioned it to no one; so that after this revelation was given, he knew that the work was true,

because no being living knew of the thing alluded to in the revelation, but God and himself (*D. H. C.* I:35).

This circumstance resulted in the Prophet obtaining secretarial assistance which was much needed in the translation of The Book of Mormon plates. Oliver Cowdery did not return to schoolteaching, but remained with the Prophet to participate with him in many of the great spiritual blessings of this dispensation.

If you had the same experience as Oliver Cowdery in regard to Section 6, how would you have felt toward the Prophet and his work?

Oliver was promised that he might have the gift to translate even as Joseph Smith (D. & C. 6:25). It is further revealed that ". . . in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established" (D. & C. 6:28) and that if the world accepts the word of the Lord given by the testimony of witnesses they shall be blessed (D. & C. 6:28-31).

Martin Harris and Section 5

We shall now turn our attention to what the Lord has said concerning the witnesses who would testify with the Prophet Joseph Smith to the truth of the gospel message. In Lesson 5 we learned that Martin Harris had received evidence of the existence of The Book of Mormon plates by receiving a translated portion of the plates which he had lost. He was still desirous to obtain further evidence, notwithstanding he had received confirmation from Professor Charles Anthon that the copied characters from the plates were true hieroglyphics. (See *D.H.C.* I:20.) As a result of this desire of Martin, the revelation now known as Section 5 was given (D. & C. 5:1).

The Prophet was under covenant to show the plates only to those whom the Lord would designate (D. & C. 5:3). Many times today nonmembers of the Church suggest that if they could see the gold plates, they would be convinced that Joseph Smith actually had an ancient set of records. It seems that many believe, if the plates were put on exhibit, this would be sufficient evidence to them. In this revelation the Lord does not concur with such a thought. He says:

> Behold, if they will not believe my words, they would not believe you, my servant Joseph, if it were possible that you should show them all these things which I have committed unto you (D. & C. 5:7).

The world is to have the word of the Lord through the Prophet Joseph Smith (D. & C. 5:10). The Lord speaks through his divinely appointed servants. What he reveals does not always agree with what man thinks is true. The prophet Isaiah revealed concerning the workings of the Lord that the Lord's thoughts are not the thoughts of men, ". . . neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. 55:8-9). Rather than the plates being put on exhibit for everyone to see, there were to be three special witnesses (D. & C. 5:11-15). Joseph was not to be the only testator of the existence of the gold plates, but in this way others would also bear witness of The Book of Mormon.

And their testimony shall also go forth unto the condemnation of this generation if they harden their hearts against them (D. & C. 5:18).

The rejection of their testimony would result in "a desolating scourge" to be poured out from time to time unless the people of the world would repent. (See D. & C. 5:19.) To emphasize the fact that the Lord's word is always fulfilled, he refers to the destruction of Jerusalem anciently as an example. (See D. & C. 5:20.)

Martin Harris was promised that he should be one of the three special witnesses to view the plates, but only on condition of humility. If he did see the plates, it was necessary that he should make it known to the world. (See D. & C. 5:24-28.)

Background of Section 17

As a background for our study of Section 17, which is directly connected with Section 5, a brief review of some events in the Prophet's life seems appropriate. Joseph was at this time living in Harmony township, Pennsylvania, where he had met Emma Hale whom he married on January 18, 1827. He worked at various jobs and had acquired a small farm near his father-in-law's at Harmony. By this time Oliver Cowdery had met the Prophet and the work of translating the plates was continuing. The Priesthood was restored (see Lesson 8). In June 1829, the Prophet became acquainted with Peter Whitmer of Fayette township, Seneca County, New York, who provided residence in his home for the Prophet, Emma, and Oliver. It was here that the translating of the plates was finished.

As the work of translating progressed, it was learned that there were to be three special witnesses, ". . . provided by the Lord, to whom he would grant that they should see the plates from which this work [The Book of Mormon] should be translated . . ." (*D. H. C.* 1:52).

These witnesses were to bear record of what they saw and heard, as indicated in the following Book of Mormon references: Ether 5:2-4; 2 Nephi 11:3; 27:12. In response to the Prophet's inquiry of the Lord concerning those who should be the three witnesses, Section 17 was received in June 1829.

A Footnote Reference Study

Section 17 begins with a promise that these witnesses were not only to see the plates, but also the breastplate, the sword of Laban, the Urim and Thummim, and the Liahona, also called the miraculous directors. (See D. & C. 17:1.) An informative experience for the reader is to consult the footnote references pertaining to each one of these items. Answers to such questions as these will result: Were the Urim and Thummim in use during the period of the Old Testament? To what extent were the Urim and Thummim used during the Nephite dispensation? What relationship is there between the breastplate and the Urim and Thummim? What is the history of the miraculous directors and the sword of Laban amongst the Nephites?

Proof That Joseph Had the Plates

The Lord made known that it would be only by faith and his power that the plates would be seen. (See D. & C. 17:2, 5.) In Sec-

tion 5 and 17 we discover proof that Joseph Smith actually had the plates. What do you believe this proof to be? Both of these revelations contain promises that on certain conditions, the plates could be seen. Verses 2 to 5 of Section 17 make this clear, as do also the following verses from Section 5.

> And in addition to your testimony, the testimony of three of my servants, whom I shall call and ordain, unto whom I will show these things, and they shall go forth with my words that are given through you.
>
> Yea, they shall know of a surety that these things are true, for from heaven will I declare it unto them.
>
> I will give them power that they may behold and view these things as they are (D. & C. 5:11-13).

No person of intelligence would make such promises in his own name or in the name of the Lord unless he could thereafter produce the plates and have their truthfulness declared from the heavens. To be unable to do these things would show him to be a fraud before those who desired to be witnesses and all men who should later learn of his deceitfulness.

The Promise of Witnesses Fulfilled

Joseph Smith did not falsify. The promises made to the three witnesses were fulfilled. Not many days after Section 17 was received, Martin Harris, David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, and Joseph Smith retired into the woods on the Whitmer farm and prayed that the Lord would fulfill the promises given in this revelation.

After each one of the four persons had prayed in succession without success, a second attempt was made in the same manner and with the same lack of success. Martin Harris then proposed that he withdraw from the others, as he believed his presence was the cause for their failure. He withdrew and the Prophet records that the angel showed them the plates and ". . . we heard a voice from out of the bright light above us, saying, 'These plates have been revealed by the power of God, and they have been translated by the power of God. The translation of them which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear' " (*D. H. C.* I:54-55). The Prophet then went to Martin Harris and while in prayer with him, the same vision was repeated, whereupon Martin Harris cried out, apparently in an ecstasy of joy, ". . . 'Tis enough; 'tis enough; mine eyes have beheld; mine eyes have beheld,' and jumping up, he shouted, 'Hosanna,' blessing God, and otherwise rejoiced exceedingly" (*Ibid.*, I:55).

The testimony of the three special witnesses to The Book of Mormon (found in the forepart of each copy of that book) verifies the divine mission of Joseph Smith. Their later experiences in and out of the Church bear solemn witness to the actuality of the things to which they bore record. Each one of these three men was excommunicated from the Church. (During the past few years evidence has been found that Martin Harris was excommunicated by a High Council Court, a fact which had not been known before. This is stated in the article, " ' . . . publish it upon

the mountains,' the Story of Martin Harris" by William H. Homer, Jr., in the *Improvement Era*, June 1955, page 387.)

If the three witnesses had been in collusion with Joseph Smith to deceive the world, it would have been the most normal thing for them to expose the falsehood they were attempting to perpetuate. Admitting that some people live lies, the declarations they make on their deathbeds usually reveal the truth. Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris maintained to the end of their mortal lives that an angel had appeared to them and given them a view of the plates. (Consult B. H. Roberts, *New Witnesses for God*, II:157, 162, 167-8.) The fact that David Whitmer never returned to the Church strengthens the validity of his testimony.

Eight additional witnesses also testified to the existence of The Book of Mormon plates. They saw and they examined the plates with their hands. (For information about the Three and Eight Witnesses, consult Preston Nibley, *Witnesses of The Book of Mormon*.)

Additional Items on Sections 6, 8, 9, and 5

Section 6: Comment upon verse 7 will be made when we study Section 11. We are reminded in verse 13 that to be saved in the kingdom of God ". . . is the greatest of all the gifts of God. . . ."

In concluding this revelation, the Lord admonishes Joseph and Oliver to fear not to do good, ". . . for whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap; therefore, if ye sow good ye shall also reap good for your reward" (D. & C. 6:33). This scripture is applicable to all Latter-day Saints. The thought in the last verse is a part of the account which begins with verse 32, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, as I said unto my disciples . . ." which suggests that Joseph and Oliver were to think and ponder over the fact that Jesus is truly the Savior of the world, and that faithfulness in keeping the commandments will bring an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven. This last verse also serves to identify the Christ as the giver of the revelation.

Section 8: Oliver Cowdery is to have the gift of revelation (verses 3, 4), which, if followed, would deliver him from his enemies. This is the same spirit by which Moses was able to bring the children of Israel through the Red Sea in safety (verse 3). In a world of unbelief, Latter-day Saints have greater reason to believe this miracle of the Old Testament. Notice the counsel given to Oliver in verse 10 concerning the necessity of faith. This is a truth which also applies to all Latter-day Saints.

Section 9: This revelation stresses the point that Oliver Cowdery failed to translate because he believed it unnecessary to expend effort in that attempt. The emotion or reaction described in verse 8 as a burning within one, frequently accompanies the giving of revelation or the witness of the truth. This "burning" was present with the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, who received instruction from the resurrected Jesus. (See Luke 24:13-35, especially verse 32).

Oliver was not to translate but to continue to be Joseph's scribe.

Section 5: This appears to be the

first revelation to the Prophet where it is even hinted that he might be slain (martyred) for his witness of the truth (verse 22).

Questions for Discussion

1. In what way does Section 6 give evidence that Joseph Smith was divinely directed?

2. Discuss: If the plates of The Book of Mormon were placed on exhibit, people would be convinced that The Book of Mormon is true.

3. How do Sections 5 and 17 give proof that Joseph Smith had The Book of Mormon plates?

4. Wherein does the testimony of the Three Witnesses differ from the Eight Witnesses?

5. Discuss: We can believe the witnesses to The Book of Mormon.

6. Are Latter-day Saints committed to a belief in miracles? Explain.

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 7—"Look Unto Me in Every Thought; Doubt Not, Fear Not" (D. & C. 6:36).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, April 1, 1958

Objective: To emphasize the fact that when we place our complete trust in the Lord we gain strength and peace of mind.

PRESIDENT McKay tells a story about a group of Swiss botanists who were in the Alps collecting specimens of rare flowers. The group, he says:

> . . . started out one morning from a small village and after several hours' climb came to a precipice overlooking a green valley dotted with a peculiar flower, which, examined through field glasses proved to be of unusual value. From the cliff on which the party was standing to the valley was a sheer drop of several hundred feet. To descend would be impossible, and to reach the valley from another approach would mean a waste of several hours.
>
> During the latter part of their climb a small boy had attached himself to the party and had watched with interest the maneuvers of the botanists. After discussing the situation for several minutes, one of the party turned to the boy and said, "Young fellow, if you will let us tie a rope around your waist and lower you over this cliff so that you can dig up one of those plants for us . . . we will give you five pounds."
>
> The boy looked dazed for an instant then ran off . . . but within a short time he returned, bringing with him an old man, bent and gray, with hands gnarled and calloused by hard labor. Upon reaching the party of botanists, the boy . . . said, "Sir, this is my dad. I'll go down in the valley if you will let my dad hold the rope." (*Cherished Experiences*, Clare Middlemiss, page 190).

The simple, unquestioning confidence this boy had in his father is the type of pure trust our Father in heaven hopes we, his children, will have in him. He knows that if we put our trust in him we will keep

his commandments and follow the paths he has laid out for our happiness here on the earth and for our eternal joy in the life to come.

This truth was beautifully expressed by Solomon when he said:

> Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.
>
> In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths (Prov. 3:5-6).

A trust in the Lord gives us the inward strength and spiritual power to overcome life's temptations and to meet courageously its trials and sorrows. The human soul has great need for the sustaining strength that comes from the assurance that someone is near who can be depended upon. This is particularly true in family relationships. Every child needs the feeling of security that is present only in those homes where love, confidence, and trust abound. In a similar manner, all of us constantly need to be able to rely upon our Father in heaven. We need to be able to come to him and unburden our souls and seek the solutions to our problems. In this way, we can gain spiritual strength and can find peace of mind. Jesus said:

> Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
>
> Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
>
> For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light (Mt. 11:28-30).

If we live each day the best we can, placing our complete trust in the Lord, we will have no need to fear, no need to regret, nor to worry, nor to doubt.

Work Meeting—Living More Abundantly

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 7—Savings and Added Happiness

Elder William F. Edwards

For Tuesday, April 8, 1958

Objective: To gain an understanding of the importance of savings to our personal happiness and to the preserving of our way of life.

IT was natural for the beehive to become a symbol of proper living among the Mormon pioneers. The ancient trademark of the savings bank is a beehive. The active, working bees are suggestive of the life of successful people who become the depositors. The honey stored in the comb for a day of need is representative of savings. Savings can truly be called the nectar of our labor, because savings are essential for one's full temporal and spiritual happiness, and to preserve our way of life.

Correct Point of View Toward Savings

Some people have misunderstood the real meaning of statements in the scriptures and have belittled the importance of savings and the appropriateness of attempting to become financially independent.

The development of our talents, the gaining of knowledge, the accumulation of savings is blessed if, ". . . ye will seek them for the intent of good" (Jacob 2:19). Remember, it may be easier to be meek when poor, but it may be more noble to be meek when rich!

Importance of Savings

A fool can earn money; but it takes a wise man to save and dispose of it to his own advantage (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1941 Edition, page 292).

Savings are important for many reasons.

1. We are not in this world only to provide for ourselves, but to provide for others, and our capacity to help others is very limited unless we have accumulated some "riches."

But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel (I Timothy 5:8).

Idleness and wastefulness are not according to the rules of heaven. Preserve all you can, that you may have abundance to bless your friends and your enemies (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1941 Edition, page 290).

2. It is the duty of each person, or each man and wife, to be self-sustaining, if possible, during emergencies and to prepare for the later years in life.

Who are deserving of praise? The persons who take care of themselves or the ones who always trust in the great mercies of the Lord to take care of them? It is just as consistent to expect that the Lord will supply us with fruit when we do not plant the trees; or that when we do not plow and sow and are saved the labor of harvesting, we should cry to the Lord to save us from want, as to ask him to save us from the consequences of our own folly, disobedience and waste (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1941 Edition, page 293).

Only after we have done our best, are we prepared to ask others for help, if outside help is needed.

3. A mature individual, and especially the head of the family, will find that a savings account makes the difference between economic freedom and being an economic prisoner.

There are so many ways that building up a savings account will be an aid to success. A working person can usually make wiser decisions regarding employment opportunities if he has a reserve fund. The business man and the farmer with reserves on hand will be able to make the most of opportunities.

4. Savings invested in equipment make possible the more efficient use of time. Everyday examples are automatic washing machines versus doing the job by hand; vacuum cleaners versus mop and brooms; tractor versus horse; and truck versus wagon. To most, none of these can be had without savings.

5. Living so that expenses are less than income, and thus permitting the accumulation of savings, increases one's power to serve the Church. This family will be prepared to sustain a son or a daughter on a mission, and maybe the parents themselves will someday be able to enjoy a mission together.

This family will have the margin of income over expenses that permits them to contribute to building chapels, and responding to other requests. This family can do these things cheerfully without creating emergencies because their financial house is in order.

6. The democratic way of life is no more secure than the ability and willingness of people to have and to use savings wisely.

Products and services such as oil and gas, electricity and telephone, that are so essential to modern living would not be possible unless there were savings with which to buy the facilities and finance the business.

Discourses of Brigham Young, Chapter 26, "Thrift and Industry," is replete with choice ideas and suggestions on the subject of savings. It is also recommended that Chapter 27, "Wealth" be read. Brigham Young wanted the saints to live and to develop themselves so that they would become a wealthy people. He also wanted everyone to understand that "Wealth brings happiness only when used for the Gospel" (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1941 Edition, page 313).

Literature — Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 15—Macbeth, Villain or Hero?

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948

For Tuesday, April 15, 1958

Objective: To realize the ruin which comes to one who, possessed of basic virtues, yields to the powers of evil.

> (Spoken of Macbeth) Who then shall blame
> His pestered senses to recoil and start,
> When all that is within him does condemn
> Itself for being there. . . .
>
> V. 2. 22-25

Macbeth, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *King Lear* are usually considered to be the four principal tragedies of Shakespeare. One of the best proofs of his genius is that, when each play is being studied, so complete is its dominating power over us that we scarcely recall that Shakespeare wrote anything else.

The Intensity of Macbeth

As in *King Lear*, the accumulative intensity of *Macbeth* becomes so personal and overwhelming that we almost cry out to Shakespeare for mercy. But whereas Lear overcame his personal weaknesses, Macbeth and his lady were overcome by theirs. As in *Othello* the mystery of

evil is everywhere present; in *Macbeth* terror is dominant. For Iago evil is the normal, dominant power in the universe; and yet, most pitiful, Iago never consciously recognizes evil as evil. In this attitude Lady Macbeth resembles Iago rather closely, since she lacks the imaginative insight to realize what the effects of murdering Duncan will be, either within herself or within the hearts of loyal Scotsmen everywhere. Not so, alas, with Macbeth. The tragedy of his own self-created destruction may well be the most terrible in Shakespeare because, both before and after his murderings, his basically noble, moral nature constantly reminds him that he himself has become evil even while he remains at heart a fearless and a courageous man.

What can be more terrible than to commit an evil which you *know* to be evil? This is Macbeth's dilemma, yet though his suffering is extreme, it fails to burn out entirely a larger nobility within him, which is never more strongly seen than in his last words to Macduff, whom he now recognizes as his own foreordained killer:

> Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
> And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
> Yet I will try the last. Before my body
> I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
> And damned be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"
>
> V. 8. 30-34

Why Macbeth so willingly allows himself to be seduced by evil while Banquo resists the same temptation, we cannot entirely know. But through Banquo, Shakespeare tells us that without question the witches represent primitive evils from beneath and below, come to violate man's better nature:

> The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
> And these are of them, whither are they vanished? . . .
> Were such things here as we do speak about?
> Or have we eaten on the insane root
> That takes the reason prisoner?
>
> I. 3. 79-80, 83-85

We are to witness, however, a basic conflict within *Macbeth* as we watch fear, largely self-fear, destroy its most distant opposites: love and honor and justice. The uniting love which made Macbeth and Lady Macbeth so harmonious a union at the opening of the play is not so much destroyed as replaced entirely by fear and inner distrust. Lady Macbeth was ready to deny her own conscience and maintain outward appearance until it killed her — which it did. The first scenes in the play are entirely successful in their painting Macbeth as the bravest of men, and yet even while he remains fearless, his own frankly acknowledged inner fears unman him until he becomes other than himself. The word *fear* appears more frequently in this play than in any other; indeed it states a major theme. Yet Macbeth's better self is never utterly destroyed. As in *Lear*, this play is mostly ending, since after Duncan is murdered, Macbeth is most aware of what his fate is to be:

> . . . I am sick at heart. . . .
> I have lived long enough. My way of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,

And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

V. 3. 19, 22-28

Plot

Macbeth and Banquo, generals to King Duncan of Scotland, have just defeated rebellious Macdonwald and the treacherous Thane of Cawdor. Three witches prophesy to them that Macbeth shall be Thane of Cawdor and king thereafter, while Banquo shall be no king, but father of kings. Immediately after the witches disappear, messengers come from the King to appoint Macbeth Thane of Cawdor. Macbeth, spurred on by this fulfillment, his own ambition, and his iron-willed wife, stabs Duncan to death while he is a guest at Inverness, Macbeth's castle. Then in seeming rage at the guards' denial of committing the crime, Macbeth kills them. They have been drugged and smeared with blood by Lady Macbeth. In fear of their lives, Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's sons, flee the country, which focuses guilt on them, and Macbeth, being nearest remaining kin, is crowned king.

Knowing that Banquo suspects him, Macbeth arranges a banquet in Banquo's honor, but previously Macbeth has arranged with two murderers to murder Banquo and his son Fleance as they approach the castle. The murderers attack Banquo and kill him, but Fleance escapes. At that evening's banquet Banquo's ghost appears only to Macbeth, who is so panicked by fear that his assembled noblemen are aghast and Lady Macbeth dismisses them in confusion. Knowing that powerful Macduff also suspects him and also has the courage to act against him, Macbeth seeks out the three witches' cavern and there the three apparitions warn him that he shall be harmed by no man born of woman, and not until "Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill Shall come against him . . ." (IV. 1. 93-94) need he fear. Immediately upon learning that Macduff has escaped to England, Macbeth has Lady Macduff and her children murdered, then begins fortifying Dunsinane castle against attack from combined Scotch and English forces led by Malcolm and Macduff. Lady Macbeth goes mad and takes her own life just as the attackers appear before the castle, each man holding a branch of a tree from Birnam forest before him for concealment. Jolted by the sight of the moving forest, Macbeth still trusts the prophecy that no man born of woman shall harm him, and goes forth to battle. Macduff reveals to Macbeth that he (Macduff) was not of woman born but ". . . was from his mother's womb untimely ripped" (V. 8. 15-16). Even so, Macbeth refuses to yield and fights to the end. Macduff kills him, and brings his head before victorious Malcolm, whom he addresses as the new and rightful King of Scotland.

The Supporting Frame

Macbeth is Shakespeare's shortest popular play; therefore if it is to

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"THE THREE WITCHES" FROM "MACBETH," Act 1, Scene 3, ff.

achieve the powerful impact which Shakespeare's audiences expect, each character and scene must contribute even more heavily to the accumulative effect. And so it does. Macbeth himself is the heart of the drama. All lesser characters, including his wife, but serve as warnings and motivation to Macbeth before the murder, and afterwards provide intensification of his own sufferings, either through similarity or contrast. The total shape of the play —its texture, tone, course of action as revealed in specific characters and scenes—is to serve as background and frame for Macbeth's personal conflicts.

Thus, on the surface level, all events preceding Duncan's murder serve to reveal Macbeth as a successful nobleman possessing every bounty of life: a loving wife, the respect and love of both his fellow noblemen and his kinsman King Duncan. All acclaim Macbeth as a *good* man and a valiant warrior utterly without fear, with inevitable advancement just ahead as reward for his loyalty and selflessness. Donalwald's rebellion and the Thane of Cawdor's treason, point sharply to Macbeth the fate of those who endanger the established order, yet Macbeth persists in his concealed action. At the first appearance of the witches, Macbeth's better self knows at once that they are evil, and we are not at all convinced when Macbeth attempts justifying himself by explaining them as forces of good. (Read I. 3. 130-142.)

Instead of approving his succumbing to evil, we suffer his conflict

with him, particularly when intensified by his iron-willed wife who goads him to the murder, not by asking that he too be "unsexed . . ." and filled "from the crown to the toe, topfull of direst cruelty," but that he might act the part of a man. As the play to this point has proved, Macbeth's greatest pride rightly lies in his valor and honor, yet she defines these greatest strengths as his most dangerous weakness:

> . . . Yet do I fear thy nature.
> It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
> To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
> Art not without ambition, but without
> The illness should attend it. . . .
>
> I. 5. 17-21

In her mouth "milk of human kindness" is white, not red; it is womanish, weak, and contemptible. When later Macbeth and his wife know King Duncan is to be their guest, it is she who decides to murder him at once. Macbeth senses her fanatic determination and is warned by it; he asks that they discuss it no further. But she taunts him, ". . . Wouldst thou . . . live a coward in thine own esteem . . ." (I. 7. 41, 43) and Macbeth is forced reluctantly to agree to murder. His better self is beaten, and he knows it, as the last line in the bitter scene reveals:

> Away, and mock the time with fairest show.
> False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
>
> I. 7. 81-82

Once Macbeth is king, contrasts to his own tortured self and his failure as a king multiply on every hand. Though Banquo is sorely tempted, never does he actively succumb to the lust of ambition and the wry words of the witches. But in complete contrast to the tyrant Macbeth, Macduff is ready to die fighting for loyalty and principle.

Ambiguity in Macbeth

> Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
> Hover through the fog and filthy air.
>
> I. 1. 11-12

Thus, in the first scene Shakespeare establishes both his method and his tone. Macbeth is so real to us because Shakespeare so successfully details the vast difference between what Macbeth appears to be outwardly, and what inside he actually desires and fears. How fascinating it is to watch him mouth words of loyalty to the very man he plans to kill. And after the murder, how appearances must be maintained at all costs, even while poor Macbeth—he who has "murdered sleep"—inwardly relives his sin every minute of every day, ever and forever knowing it to be evil. Macbeth is fully aware of his different selves, for early in the play he says, "Nothing is but what is not" (I. 3. 141). While on occasion Macbeth speaks the truth in an aside directed to the audience, mostly nothing is what it *appears* to be. And because we of Shakespeare's audience alone know this, throughout the play the impact of appearance's ambiguity or double meaning is particularly sharpened. As a more detailed study of examples will show, it is this skillful use of ambiguity which, perhaps more than any other artistic device, gives to the play its irresistible power.

Once we become conscious of it, this play is saturated with proof that nothing is what it seems, that "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." Is Macbeth dominated by manly bravery or by fear? Which is the real Macbeth? In the second scene of the play we are told of:

. . . brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion [darling] carved out his passage.
I. 2. 16-19

Such a passage tends to make Macbeth almost too rashly brave to be normal. Yet in the very next scene the witches appear to this "valiant, brave man," so shaking him that Banquo asks:

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show. . . .
I. 3. 51-54

Of course Macbeth starts from uncontrollable inward fear since the witches' prophetic utterances to the two generals have revealed Macbeth's secret ambition to become king through the murder of Duncan. When Macbeth refuses to discuss further with Lady Macbeth the murdering of their guest, she skillfully employs the one taunt which finally vanquishes his moral scruples:

Lady M. . . . Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would . . ."
Macbeth. Prithee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none. . . .
I. 7. 39-47

Actually Macbeth is dominated alternately by fear and manliness. He is enough of a good man to fear his deed; but fears even more to be thought a coward. This his wife knows too well, and her "illness to evil" triumphs over his cowardly conscience. How thoroughly she exemplifies the advice she gives Macbeth, ". . . bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue. Look like the innocent flower but be the serpent under 't . . . ."

Act II, scene 1, balances between ambiguity and revealing soliloquy. Banquo first asks that he himself not succumb to his own evil thoughts concerning the King, which self-confession he conceals as he meets Macbeth late at night in the castle. Instead he speaks ambiguously that "all's well," with the King sleeping above them in "measureless content." He then reminds Macbeth of the three witches' promise to them both, but ambiguously Macbeth lies that he never thinks on them, and they bid each other a cordial goodnight. Then Macbeth in turn speaks his "Is this a dagger which I see before me" soliloquy which fully reveals his own inner ambiguity, since herein he questions whether the dagger with which he is soon to murder Duncan is dream or phantasy.

In Act II, scene 2, Shakespeare employs double meanings to contrast the conspirators' reactions now murder is done. Lady Macbeth is fearless, contemptuous of Macbeth's cringing; she regards Duncan's murder only as a practical necessity, whereas Macbeth is entirely aware of the deeper, more terrifying currents he has set in motion. Even as the murder is being accomplished she worries and gloats:

Lady M. . . . I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't.
[Enter Macbeth.] My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. . . . This is a sorry sight.
[Looking on his hands.]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other. . . .
One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen"
When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could I not pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways. So, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep" — the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast—

Lady M. What do you mean? . . . Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. . . .

Macb. I'll go no more. I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. . . .
[Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

II. 2. 12ff.

Thus must we pity poor Lady Macbeth; even while we wonder at her courage and her supreme will. For her to think that *murder* could ever lie forgotten in one's memory, or become merely routine! But time, which has already begun its workings in the more perceptive Macbeth, eventually murders her own secret peace as it does his. Inevitably she comes to understand only too well Macbeth's words which

earlier seemed to her cowardly gibberish.

And was Macbeth a "moral coward"? Do his fears and seemingly ambiguous images prove him unable to face reality? Rather do they portray him the bravest of men, since he knew the moral consequences of murder before ever he murdered, while afterward to the very end he never refused to face all the implications of his accumulating crimes, but fought his own evils—hopelessly knowing them to be evil—until Macduff's sword delivered him from such sustained agony. Hero or villain? Nay, but both.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the great tragedy of this play?
2. What are some of the outstanding scenes? What makes them outstanding?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 13—Love—A Basic Ingredient

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, April 22, 1958

Objective: To show that love is essential for family happiness.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God (I John 4:7).

LOVE is the finest of all human emotions. It is constantly before us, in our lives and in story and song, and while it is beautifully simple, it defies an easy definition. The warmth of love dispels fear. It is love from which come inspiration to accomplish, the will to seek a better way, and the strength to suffer grief and pain. The sanctuary of love is the heart where its sweetness is felt and the impulse to express is born. It is that feeling of strong personal attachment which exists among people. Its aspects include, but are not limited to fondness, respect, regard, admiration, affection, tenderness, sacrifice, sympathy, attachment, devotion, adoration, and understanding. The presence of love dwarfs disagreement. It impels men to die for their loved ones if need be. Its absence fills the heart with despair, hate, and error. It is an essential ingredient for happiness and for intellectual, emotional, and spiritual growth. It is the greatest of the three biblical virtues of faith, hope, and charity, the last of which is generally translated by modern scholars as "love." Mormon regarded charity as "the pure love of Christ," and taught "whoso is found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with him" (Moroni 7:47). The best-known description of the aspects of love, or charity, is that recorded by Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians:

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth . . . (I Cor. 13: 4-8).

Love Begins at Home

It is in the family setting where love springs forth and is expressed in its finest form. How and to what extent it develops depend largely upon the husband and wife, who establish the emotional tone of the home. A newborn child feels love, or its absence, first from his parents. As the child's personality develops, he discovers the necessity for love in every phase of his life. In the first weeks of life he develops a feeling of affection for those who care for him, who at that time represent the world about him. The type of care he receives is prompted by parental love. The feeling of the infant, obtained from his early experiences, remains with him for a considerable length of time. The importance of this early relationship has influenced the development of lying-in hospitals and less-rigid feeding schedules for infants. This philosophy has also returned the rocking chair for the mutual enjoyment of mother and child. At about twelve to fifteen months age the child recognizes himself as an individual and from that time on he begins to learn about right and wrong and many other things. He often asserts himself in defiance, and it is the true love of the parent at this time which can convey security as freedoms and limitations are passed to him. As the child expresses his initiative, the wise bestowal of love by parents is most important so as not to stifle him. He is helped to avoid fear. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear . . ." (I John 4:18).

When a child is successful in an undertaking, he is encouraged to further accomplishment by the love and approval of parents. As he moves into adolescence, being alternately a child and adult, parental love needs to be strong in patience and guidance and should be shown skillfully. These qualities are also greatly needed through the period of making friends, and, gradually, relying less upon home and parents. The influence of love on the molding of feelings and attitudes continues through adulthood. Though the role of love may change as we mature, its constancy needs to be felt. If we have family members about us who are patient and understanding, who recognize our worth as individuals, who encourage us in our accomplishments, and who truly love us, the will to progress is strong, for we are happy.

President Joseph F. Smith, during his lifetime, often said:

. . . the love of a true mother comes nearer being like the love of God than any other kind of love (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 315).

While this is no doubt true, mothers have no monopoly on love. It is received and expressed by family members at all ages. From the letters of Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, and from whose pen came the Declaration of Independence, we can observe the love among family mem-

bers at various ages and under differing circumstances. As we take excerpts from his letters, note particularly the concern prompted by a father's love for his family.

In 1785, at the age of forty-two, Jefferson wrote to his seven-year-old motherless daughter, Maria, who was then living with an aunt and uncle:

I hope you are a very good girl, that you love your uncle and aunt very much, and are very thankful . . . for their goodness to you; that you never suffer yourself to be angry with anybody, that you give your playthings to those who want them, that you do whatever anybody desires of you that is right, that you never tell stories, never beg for anything (*A Jefferson Profile*, Saul K. Padover, page 29-30, John Day & Co. 1956).

When Maria was nine and was shortly to return to her father and sister Martha, Jefferson wrote to Martha, then fifteen:

When she arrives, she will become a precious charge on your hands. . . . Teach her, above all things, to be good—because without that, we can neither be valued by others, nor set any value upon ourselves. Teach her to be always true. Teach her never to be angry. . . . And teach her industry and application to useful pursuits. I will venture to assure you, that if you inculcate this in her mind, you will make her a happy being in herself, a most inestimable friend to you, and precious to all the world (*Ibid*, page 50).

Upon Martha's marriage, he wrote to her:

The happiness of your life now depends on continuing to please a single person. To this all other objects must be secondary, even your love for me, were it possible that could ever be an obstacle. . . . Cherish, then for me, my dear child, the affection of your husband, and continue to love me as you have done, and to render my life a blessing by the prospect it may hold up to me of seeing you happy (*Ibid.*, page 85).

At the age of eighty-three, Thomas Jefferson wrote his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph:

You kindly encourage me to keep up my spirits; but oppressed with disease, debility, age, and embarrassed affairs, this is difficult.

And later in the letter, in speaking of his family:

Their affectionate devotion to me makes a willingness to endure life a duty, as long as it can be of any use to them. Yourself, particularly, dear Jefferson, I consider as the greatest of Godsends which Heaven has granted to me. Without you, what could I do under the difficulties now environing me? (*Ibid.*, page 342).

Thus we see in the life of a great man some of the aspects of love in the family.

When parents treat one another with courtesy and respect, said President Joseph F. Smith:

. . . it will be easy . . . to instill into the hearts of their children not only love for their fathers and their mothers, not only respect and courtesy towards their parents, but love and courtesy and deference between children at home. (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 284).

While a general atmosphere of love pervades the happy home, within such a setting are found some rather specific relationships which serve as steady supports of family solidarity. Among these relationships are those of husband and wife; mother and daughter; mother and son; father and son; father and daughter; brother and brother; brother and sister; sister and sister; and others. Each of these is indi-

vidual and specific, and while they all have similar ingredients, the proportions of these ingredients vary. Family members are closely cemented together as love crisscrosses among them. Love is, indeed, an essential and leavening influence in the happy home.

It is not costly paintings, tapestries, priceless bric-a-brac, various ornaments, costly furniture, fields, herds, houses and lands which constitute the ideal home, nor yet the social enjoyments and ease so tenaciously sought by many; but it is rather beauty of soul, cultivated, loving, faithful, true spirits; hands that help and hearts that sympathize; love that seeks not its own, thoughts and acts that touch our lives to finer issues—these lie at the foundation of the ideal home (*Ibid.*, page 303).

The Expression of Love

How is love expressed? While doing or saying specific things may be expressions of love, such are only parts of a larger concept. Love comes from a basic "feeling" rather than a willed attempt to "show love." From the "feeling" for our loved ones comes the emotional atmosphere in which their love for others is nurtured.

Actually, research confirms what clinicians believe: That it is the overall emotional tone of the home that counts for most, and that the specific techniques are valuable chiefly when employed by parents who can carry them out with competence and genuine concern for the child's well-being (Fact Finding Report Digest, Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth, 1950, page 39).

Parents who reason they *must* show love to their children proceed from the wrong end. Actually, if they feel properly towards the child, their love will be expressed and they need not worry too much about how or when to show it. Authorities in the field of child development say that through the actions of well-adjusted parents, stimulated by their natural impulses, children receive the kind of love best suited to their proper development. Love is expressed in ways other than in giving. Doing that which is best for a child, even though it may mean a limitation or a depriviation is an expression of love. As a parent disciplines a child, he should make certain the child understands that it is *what* he does that the parent disapproves and that the discipline is not a lessening of affection for the child. The impulse to improve the child by such correction is itself an expression of love. One of the best ways to express love to a child is by the devotion of time and interest to him.

Parents at times do things for their children under a misconception that love is shown. This might be damaging to the child. This will occur when a parent has not fully accepted a child or has a feeling a child is a millstone about his neck or has deprived the parent of some desired things. To compensate for what is likely a feeling of guilt, the child is showered with many tangible things, things that can be seen. This is unfair to the child because it teaches him to expect too much from others, and, when he leaves the protection of the home, he continues to expect too much from the world. The result is unhappiness and problems. Instead of providing the child with security, it often makes the child more insecure.

President Joseph F. Smith has

touched upon this problem as follows:

It is just as wrong systematically to give a child everything he desires as to deny the child everything. When indulgent parents fancy that they are adding to the pleasure of their children's lives by giving to them whatever they wish, such parents are in fact destroying the capacity of their children to enjoy the gratification of desires weakened and perverted by over-indulgence. The ability to give to children wisely is indeed a rare attainment, and is acquired only by a thoughtful and prudent exercise of the highest sense of duty which parents can feel for their children (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 298).

Love Never Faileth

In 1950, outstanding authorities in the field of child development were assembled at the call of the President of the United States at the White House Conference of Children and Youth. This conference in its published report concluded that children require, for their fullest development, among other things:

. . . loving care and guidance from mothers and fathers who have a sense of the privilege and responsibility which parenthood involves, and who have confidence in their own capacity to rear a child (Proceedings, Midcentury White House Conference on Children & Youth, page 29).

The effect of love is aptly described by President Joseph F. Smith, not only upon the recipient but upon the giver, who in his case was his mother, of whose love he said:

It was life to me; it was strength; it was encouragement; it was love that begat love or liking in myself. I knew she loved me with all her heart. She loved her children with all her soul. She would toil and labor and sacrifice herself day and night, for the temporal comforts and blessings that she could meagerly give, through the

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results of her own labors, to her children. There was no sacrifice of self—of her own time, of her leisure or pleasure, or opportunities for rest—that was considered for a moment, when it was compared with her duty and her love to her children (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 314).

A satisfactory affectional relationship in a home prepares children to fit properly into an adult world. In this connection the U. S. Children's Bureau observes:

One of the things that complicates our bringing up children is that they have feelings and so do we. . . . The wise bestowal of affection and love proves a great advantage to the child. Unwisely handled, love can prove as dangerous as anger and fear. Parents can find it so satisfying to have a child depend upon them that they do not see to it that he reaches out to form ties with other people. When we give this kind of love to a child, he may expect to receive love from others, but not know how to give it (*Your Child From One to Six*, U. S. Children's Bureau, 1956, page 7).

A child who has not lived in a normal intimate friendship with his parents and other family members often lacks the know-how to create a proper affectional setting for his own family when he reaches adulthood. This state can easily become a family pattern passed from one generation to the next, and it is, therefore, important that each family create now a wholesome, affectional atmosphere.

If properly applied, whatever our age, love prepares us to accept and meet stress in life's situations, as well as to avoid stress.

We can accept economic problems as they come. Even the jealousy sometimes expressed by one child towards a newborn in the family can be lessened if we treat such expressions as a desire for reassurance in the parent's affection. Through love and understanding, such an event will not be a threat to the child's place in his parent's affection. Parents must consciously try to be impartial to all children in the home, in spending time with them and in other expressions of love, even though parents are naturally inclined to be fair and just.

Love in the home can result in unlimited happiness, but the lack of love is disastrous. Harry Bakwin, writing in the October 1949 issue of *Journal of Pediatrics*, under the title, "Emotional Deprivation in Infants," states that:

Infants under six months of age who have been in an institution for some time present a well-defined picture. The outstanding features are listlessness, emaciation, and pallor, relative immobility, quietness, unresponsiveness to stimuli like a smile or a coo, indifferent appetite, failure to gain weight properly despite ingestion of diets which are entirely adequate . . . poor sleep, and appearance of unhappiness, proneness to febrile episodes. . . .

Emotional deprivation in childhood has a tendency to "warp" the child. Children who have been deprived of normal parental love, when placed in the atmosphere of a normal home, are seen to blossom forth with new beauty of body and personality. The satisfactions thus obtained, of child and foster or adoptive parents, are reciprocal. Adults who are unloved become most miserable, sometimes mentally ill, and indulge in negative thoughts and attitudes which destroy the spirit of love.

The Scope of Love

The concept of love and its application is far more than affection

running to and from those with close kinship. Love can be extended to all human relationships and to the relationship between man and God. (See John 3:16.)

President George Albert Smith was a living example of the power of love and its expression. He was often heard to say: "We must love people into this Church," and there are many examples of his doing just that.

The Savior urged his followers to love one another and said that by this characteristic his disciples would be known.

A new commandment I give unto you, That you love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another (John 13:34-35).

If we have pure love in our hearts, living the gospel is simplified since we have a single purpose.

For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.

For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself (Gal. 5:13-14).

As love is developed, family members take upon themselves more desirable attributes by which they are attracted to the magnetic pull of perfection. Our earthly homes are but a prelude to the family in eternity. The family with an abundance of true love, whose members are diligent in doing the things they know to be right, will carry their happiness through the veil of death, and as they grow in happiness and perfection they will know that "love is of God" (I John 4:7).

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Supplementary References

1. *The Greatest Thing in the World*—Henry Drummond, Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
2. *From the Crossroads*, R. L. Evans, pages 107-126.
3. "Charity Never Faileth" — George H. Mortimer, *The Relief Society Magazine*, October 1956, page 644.
4. "Helping Hands"—Flo Whitmore, *The Relief Society Magazine*, October 1956, page 673.
5. "Objectives of Relief Society" — Mark E. Petersen, *The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1956, page 4.
6. *The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1956, pp. 799, 802, 803, 805, 814, and 817.

Questions for Discussion

1. How can the aspects of love found in I Corinthians, chapter 13, be applied in modern-day living?
2. Cite examples of the influence of love upon the lives of our Church leaders. Of national leaders.
3. Illustrate with general examples the wise bestowal of love upon children. The unwise application of love.
4. Someone has said, "If you want your children to love you, let them work for you and with you." Discuss. In what ways can children express love for parents?
5. Why is love so important in all family relationships? Discuss its application and influence at the various age levels within the family group.
6. Why is the Relief Society a perfect organization for cultivating and spreading the spirit of love?
7. "Lasting Lessons in Spiritual Values," Olga Jones, *National Parent-Teacher*, April 1957, page 18.
8. "Baby's Demands and Parents' Desires," Kent A. Zimmerman, M.D., *National Parent-Teacher*, April 1957, page 25.
9. "What Makes a Happy Home," Wilma Boyle Bunker, *The Relief Society Magazine*, February 1957, page 93.
10. "It Is Love," Gene Romolo, *The Relief Society Magazine*, February 1957, page 122.
11. "I Explore the Upstairs," Zipporah Layton Stewart, *The Relief Society Magazine*, February 1957, page 114.
12. "Mother," Dora Toone Brough, *The Relief Society Magazine*, February 1957, page 79.

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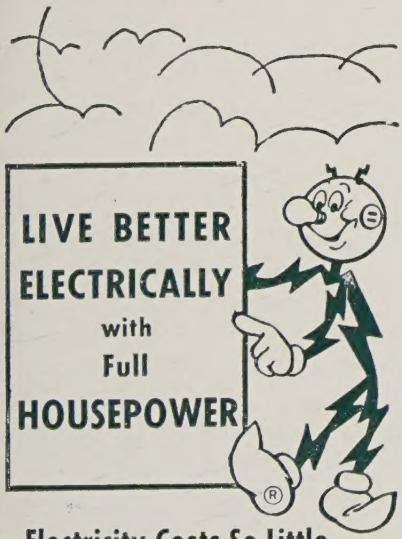

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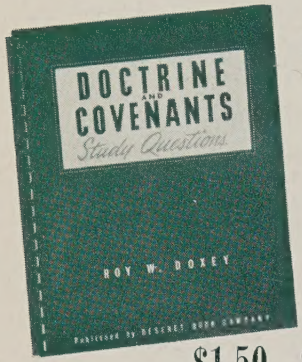

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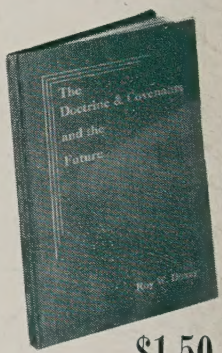

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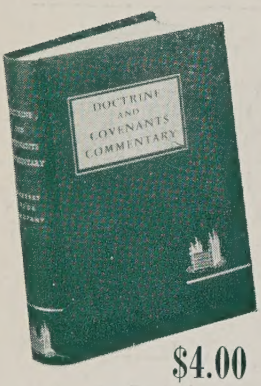

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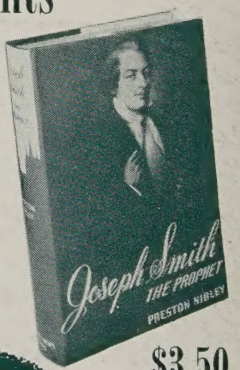

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